

# THE SOUTHERN CABINET.

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## NOTES ON EUROPEAN AGRICULTURE,

BY A CHARLESTONIAN.

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### THE GRASSES.

I stated in my first number, that in fine breeds of horses, horned cattle and sheep, suited to the different climates and pastures, Great Britain took the lead of the world. The abundant supply of milk, butter, and cheese,—her superior mutton, veal, and beef,—her wool and her unrivalled breeds of horses, are all dependant on the cultivation of various rich grasses,—some of them natives, but the majority and the most valuable—exotics, now naturalized and adapted to the soil and climate by long cultivation. England, with her millions of inhabitants dependant on her commerce and manufactures, could not exist without her grains and grasses. With all her wealth, she would be ruined in two years, were she obliged to import her hay and corn, on which the dairy, and the meat markets, are dependant. O'Connell, who siezes every opportunity to speak contemptuously of our country, said in Parliament two years ago, in reference to Americans importing grain from Europe for home consumption, that he had but a poor opinion of an agricultural country that was obliged to import its corn. The improved breeds of cattle in the western parts of Pennsylvania—in Ohio, Kentucky, and the Opelousas country, are evidences of what may be effected by the cultivation of grasses. The cattle brought to the Charleston market from Kentucky, will bear a fair comparison with those of England; they are indeed the descendants of imported breeds, and I have noticed that they are yearly improving in form, size and weight. The oxen from Opelousas, in the south-western part of Louisiana, with immense wide spreading horns, like those of the Buffaloe of Abyssinia, are said to be the descendants of inferior breeds from Mexico. They are now among the largest and finest in the world, and supply with excellent beef the markets of Louisiana, Mississippi and Arkansas. They are especially prized for the team—are used in ploughing, and are said to travel with ease in a wagon at the rate of four miles per hour. To the rich grasses abounding in Kentucky and the Opelousas must be ascribed the improvement of these breeds of cattle. In Kentucky the grasses are clover and Timothy, or herd's grass, and several species of *panicum*, *poa*, *elymus*, and *digitaria*; the two first have been introduced, and the others are exotics. The grasses in the Opelousas I am not acquainted with; they are evidently natives, and as the climate where they flourish does not differ materially from that of Carolina and Georgia, it would be very

important to introduce the seeds and cultivate them in our southern country.

Although it would always be advisable to make experiments on the native grasses of the country, as best adapted to the soil and climate, and affording the fairest prospect of success in their cultivation, yet it must be admitted, that nearly all of the most valuable fruits, grains, and grasses, were not originally natives of the countries where they are now most successfully cultivated. The cereal grains and finest fruits were not originally natives even of Europe. The Irish potatoe is infinitely more productive in the Green Isle than in South-America, its native country, where the largest specimens I have seen were not larger than a bean. The rice, sweet-potatoe, and cotton, plants of Carolina, have a foreign origin; and the clover and Timothy, which are more valuable to the northern and western States than all the gold mines in the world, were imported from the East.

It must be admitted, that the maritime districts of Carolina and Georgia, and we might safely include the middle country and a great portion of Alabama, notwithstanding a fine climate and a moderately good soil, have in reality no pastures. Our crow-foot and crab grasses, although excellent food for cattle, are only annuals, and the fields which produce them require to be ploughed and manured, (a labour which is seldom submitted to);—our hot suns of summer dry the earth and parch up the grasses,—little hay is made to feed the cattle through the winter, and they are left to seek a precarious subsistence among the cane-brakes, which, owing to clearings, fires, and other causes, are daily diminishing. Towards spring they remind us of the description Col. Crockett gave us of his neighbours' hunting dogs—"so poor that they had to lean up against a tree to bark." To give them the pickings of the early brome grass, the woods are set on fire, and away go the flames, destroying the young timber and burning up the rich mould on the surface of the earth, which has been collecting for years,—many a pannel of fence is burnt up, and many a day is wasted in consequence of having summoned out all the hands on the plantation to light the fire. The grass springs up, it is true, but in that state effects the cattle unfavourably, weakening them by constant purgation, and about the time the cows become mothers they are found in the ditches or in the mire—the flight of the buzzard, and the dogs on the plantation, indicating where our treasures lie hid. I should be happy of an assurance that this is an exaggerated picture of our grazing and farming system, yet whilst I see hay brought in bundles from New-England to Charleston, and thence re-shipped to Columbia and Camden,—whilst I am constantly witnessing our poor and diminutive breed of cattle, and am doing penance on salt butter from New-York and New-Jersey, I cannot but think, that we are sadly deficient in the cultivation of suitable grasses, on which all the prospects of the dairy, the beef market, and the improvement of our soil, depend. It would be fallacious reasoning to argue that our southern country cannot become a grazing country because we have, as yet, found no native grasses adapted to this purpose. Great Britain was once a sterile country, dependant on its mountains and on its continental neighbours for its butter and meats; at present with a population increased one hundred fold, it supplies the wants of its inhabitants, thousands of whom derive their whole subsistence from the products of the dairy. The Island of Jamaica, which has no productive native grasses, and which formerly

imported every pound of butter and beef, has been abundantly supplied with both, by the simple introduction of the Guinea grass, a native of Africa. We have in Carolina been so infatuated with the cultivation of cotton and rice, that we have paid but little attention to our native grasses. There are several species that have been undervalued, and others are only known to the botanist. Our Gama grass (*Tripsacum dactylodes*) may have been puffed too highly at one time, but appears now to have fallen below the standard of its real value. I have had a bed of it in my garden for the last ten years; it has never been affected either by our hottest summers or coldest winters,—not a root of it has required transplanting, and it is at this moment, if possible, more flourishing than ever. Horses do not relish it in its green state, as it is a coarse grass, but readily eat it when made into hay. Cows and mules are fond of it, and thrive under it. The rice-grass (*Leersia oryzoides*) succeeds well in very wet soils, but the seeds are difficult to preserve. The hay is equal to that of Timothy, but the plant is only adapted to particular kinds of soil, and in dry seasons is an uncertain crop. These grasses as well as the white clover, are indigenous to our soil, and seeds and plants can be obtained in many portions of our State. We have upwards of two hundred species of grasses indigenous to our southern States, and it will not be presumptuous to say, that some of them may be found well adapted for pasturage and hay. No country has ever been known in which some kinds of grasses for pasturage and hay may not be cultivated with success. If the native grasses are not adapted to the purpose, those of similar kinds in other climates may be advantageously introduced. The plants of China and Japan are known to succeed well in our climate; those of Thibet, Persia, the Islands of the Mediterranean, and Morocco, being in nearly the same latitude as well as those of portions of South-America and New-Holland, might be introduced with a prospect of success, and it would be surprising if some among the various grasses that succeed well in these countries might not be equally well adapted to our own soil and climate.

But the cultivation of grasses is not alone essential in affording pasturage and hay, and thereby adding to the comforts of life in providing us with milk, butter, and meats, for our tables: they are very important aids in restoring exhausted soils. They are substitutes for manure. Our plantations in the south are so large that with all our industry in collecting leaves, and stable manure, not one half of our fields are ever manured. Hence, our lands in time become exhausted, are thrown out as old fields, and not cultivated again for many years. Some of our Planters remove to the West, believing it cheaper to clear new grounds than to restore exhausted ones. In the mean time they and their families have to undergo many hardships and privations. They are thrown among strangers, severed from the associations of early life, and are deprived of the advantages of society,—of schools and churches. Had the same labour been bestowed in renovating their now deserted plantations, that has been used in settling their new farms, they would probably have suffered nothing in fortune and gained much in comfort.

That lands may be improved in cultivation without adding stable manure, has been shown by many successful experiments. I have seen lands in Pennsylvania and New-York which are now more productive than they were twenty years ago, and have been continually improving although under cultivation, without the addition of any other manure



than the small quantities of Plaster of Paris in which the wheat had been rolled previous to sowing. The wheat was succeeded by a crop of clover: this produced one or two plentiful crops of hay the first year, and was probably pastured the year following. Crops of Indian corn, or potatoes, buckwheat, oats, wheat, and clover, succeeded each other: the farmer became every year more comfortable in his circumstances, and felt no desire to leave his kindred and native home in search of an El-dorado in the West.

In my next I will endeavour to enumerate some of the foreign grasses that might be cultivated in our southern country with a probability of success.

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## AGRICULTURAL SURVEY

OF THE PARISH OF ST. MATTHEWS, (SO. CA.)

BY THE EDITOR.

*Introductory Remarks.*—In pursuance of our plan of making an agricultural survey of the southern States, we recently visited the Parish of St. Matthew's, and will now proceed to give the results of our observations, and of the information we have collected in our tour. We left Charleston on the 28th February last, in company with Wm. E. Hasgell, Esq. of that Parish, and arrived at his residence (Zante,) on the evening of the 29th. Our ride was marked with no incident worthy of notice.

To Mr. Hasgell we are under many obligations for his kindness and hospitality during our visit, not only bestowing every attention on us while at his house, but accompanying us in all our rides, he furnished much local information, and directed our attention to such things as were interesting. To several other gentlemen of the Parish we are also indebted for much hospitality.

In our future surveys, we shall endeavour to proceed rather more systematically than we have hitherto done. We will give a general survey of the Parish or District we may visit in the first place, and afterwards an account of the culture of the crops, &c. &c.

### PARISH OF ST. MATTHEWS.

*Situation.*—This Parish is one of the highest in the State, and with that of Orange forms the District of Orangeburg. It is about fifty miles long and thirteen broad, bounded on the north, by the District of Lexington and the Congaree river which separates it from Richland District; on the east, by the Santee south, by the Parish of St. John's, Berkley; and west, by the Parish of Orange. Its southern boundary is between eighty and one hundred miles from the sea.

*Climate.*—Mild but variable; it is, however, colder than in the neighbourhood of Charleston. We met with no meteorological observations, and therefore can say but little on this point. Vegetation is from ten to fourteen days later than in the neighbourhood of Charleston, and the



fig-tree requires protection in the open ground: when not so protected it is killed to the roots. Corn, which is one of the first crops put in, is planted from the 5th to 20th March.

*Surface.*—Rolling and broken, especially near the water courses, some of the hills are high and steep, and the banks of the rivers are precipitous; removed from these, the grounds are generally merely undulating. Some portions of the Parish are quite elevated, being as high as the site of Columbia. The height above the sea we did not ascertain.

*Soil.*—Various; *Upper section* of the Parish sandy, and sandy loam resting on a clayey substratum, which, however, is of considerable depth, below the surface (about two feet.) *Middle section* sandy, light clayey loam, stiff clayey loam, stiff clay,—all on a clayey substratum,—in some few places rising to within an inch or two of the surface, but generally varying from five to twelve inches below. The sandy soil is only found in a few small ridges. All of these are met with in *close proximity*. *Lower section*, sandy loam interspersed with low flat bays. On the *rivers* deep alluvial mixed with mica: there is but little of this in the Parish as the swamps are principally on the opposite side of the rivers.

*Water.*—There are many fine streams, which though comparatively small, yet are powerful enough for machinery. This power has been principally applied to the propelling of saw and grist mills. Of the former there are not as many as the wants of the Parish require,—the latter are more numerous. The power is amply sufficient for as many as may be required of both.

*Minerals.*—Our research was entirely too limited to enable us to determine what minerals are here to be found. We therefore mention those only which we came across in our rides. These were marl, lime stone, iron ore, sand stone, quartz, and several varieties of plastic clay.

The marl we found in a number of places, and from all accounts it is very generally diffused over the Parish,—in some places rising to the surface, in others buried several feet below. Its character also varies; some of it being quite friable and containing a large per centage of carbonate of lime, while others are hard and compact, containing but a small proportion of lime, and unfit for agricultural purposes. We found some specimens which were quite of a loose texture, apparently composed of numerous small shells; these were completely silicified. We found other specimens, which were more compact, and which were also silicified. The iron ore is principally in small nodules; we also found in various places a thin stratum. The limestone is only indurated marl; the quartz is found in small stones, and the sand stone is also in small masses mixed with iron.

*Property.*—The estates along the river are large, some of them being from six to eight miles in length. From the river they are of but moderate size, and on the western borders they are small.

*Woods.*—The principal growth of this Parish is pine, oak, and hickory, intermingled with maple, dogwood, ash, &c. The pine prevails in the *upper part*, interspersed with dwarf oaks and hickories. Wherever these last are found in any quantities the land is considered as well suited to the growth of cotton, but it is of a light texture and not lasting. In the *lower part* of the Parish the pine predominates, forming immense tracts of "pine barren." The growth of the *middle section* is generally

oak and pine of larger growth. The soil is more compact and of a more enduring quality than either that of the *upper* or *lower*. When newly cleared it produces excellent crops of cotton, corn, potatoes, &c. The growth of the swamp lands on the river we did not notice in particular. We recollect observing the overcup oak, cotton tree, maple, and many others of large size. The canes were also very large; some too much so to be used for fishing rods.

*Buildings.*—The residences we saw were all very comfortable, but with the exception of two, (Mr. Hasegell's and Col. Lewis'); they were of ancient date, and generally in excellent preservation. We had the pleasure of visiting the house at Belville, which was one of the posts of the British during our revolutionary struggle. At this place several skirmishes took place between the American partisans and the Royal troops. The window shutters, and doors, perforated with bullets, still remain as they were, and we hope they will be permitted to retain their places as long as they can be made useful. At a distance of one mile is, or rather was, Fort Motte,\* on a high and elevated piece of land immediately on the banks of the Congaree, which are here very steep. It commands a distant and beautiful view, but unfortunately, owing to the great haziness of the weather, we enjoyed it but on a very limited scale. Manchester and Stateburg we were informed could be seen from this spot. Belville was in sight, separated by a valley, and stream of water which flows through it. The rail-road to Columbia passes about a half mile from the house. This place became celebrated in history from the heroic conduct of Mrs. Motte, who when the post was besieged by the American troops, and could not be captured owing to the Royal troops having taken shelter in her house, and which having no cannon they could not reduce, brought forth an Indian bow and arrow, and placed them in the hands of the commanding officer, to be used for the purpose of setting fire to her own dwelling, which was then occupied by the enemies of her country. The event is well known. The arrows with lighted tow attached were discharged at the roof, which soon set it in a blaze, and the English no longer able to hold out, capitulated. The house was burned to the ground, and the present one was built not long after, near if not exactly on the site of the old. A small hillock, which was once a part of the breast work, still remains to show where the last line of approach was established.

The houses usually found on all of the plantations, are negro houses, hospitals, cotton houses, corn houses, pea houses, gin houses, lumber houses, gear houses, small grain houses, stables, sheds for cattle, wagons, carts, and implements. These are in most instances distinct and separate from those attached to the residence. These latter, are a kitchen, houses for servants, poultry houses and a house for poultry-minder (built near,) smoke houses, pigeon houses, dairy, carriage houses, and stables. The negro houses are generally frame buildings. Some few of brick were erected by Col. Lewis, but they are not approved of by the Planters, as they are too close and confined, especially in summer, and therefore, considered unhealthy. On this account some Planters prefer the log cabins. Most of the negro houses we saw were of good size, containing four dormitories and two sitting rooms, with a chimney in the centre and between the sitting rooms. Attached to these are usually small enclo-

\* The name is still retained for the plantation,

tures cultivated by the occupants as gardens. They also have near, a small poultryhouse for such fowls, &c. as each may be inclined to raise. The hospitals we did not visit on any of the plantations, but understood that every attention was paid to those who were sick and carried there. Col. Lewis has erected a very fine and large one, which we saw at a distance, but did not visit the interior of it.

*Implements.*—The *bull-tongue* and *shovel* ploughs are principally used in breaking up and cultivating the crops. We saw but few *mould board* ploughs, and none in use. *Scrapers*, or winged ploughs, are used to destroy the grass and weeds on the sides of the beds and in the alleys. The other implements are the common hoe, grubbing-hoe, pick-axe, shovels, spades, and axes. The harrow is not made use of. Wagons are principally employed in the operations of the plantation, though on most there are a few carts.

*Machines.*—The principal ones on every plantation are saw-gins, (these are usually of forty-five saws, made by Boatwright,)—cotton-whipper, thrashing-machine, corn-sheller, cotton-press, and straw-cutters. The gins and press are worked by animal and water power. We have already mentioned the saw and grist mills.

*Enclosures.*—The fields are usually very large, as timber is becoming scarce in some parts. Many of the Planters have already resorted to the ditch and bank with a straight rail fence on the latter; the most common is still the old worn fence.

*Arable Lands.*—These are cultivated in cotton, corn, potatoes, peas, oats, rye, groundnuts, and small quantities of rice and wheat for home consumption. The cotton crop is the only one grown for market, though a few groundnuts are sometimes sent down. No rotation of crops is observed, though it is now becoming more common than formerly to rest cotton fields two years, and plant them two, (some only one.) The cotton is scarcely ever manured. Mr. Hasgell is the only person we heard of who does so regularly; others give what they have left from their corn, which too frequently is little or none. The corn is invariably manured with compost, and cotton seed. None of the other crops are manured. The corn and potatoes are principally relied on for feeding the negroes,—the other crops, with the exception of rice and wheat for feeding their horses and stock. The rice is grown on low grounds, well drained, generally near water courses. In the adjoining Parish, (and no doubt also in this,) it is likewise grown on high land and cultivated somewhat like corn.

The lands in this Parish were once uncommonly fine and productive, but by improvident culture they have greatly deteriorated. The system has been to crop severely, and plant largely to the hand, while manuring was deemed of too little consequence to merit attention. The fields were worked as long as they would produce any thing, and then abandoned, and other fields cleared and exhausted. A better course has of late been adopted, and more attention is being paid to the resuscitation of their old fields. The whole of the corn crop as we have already observed is manured, and a little of the cotton. The discovery of marl in various parts of the Parish is attracting attention, and several planters will experiment with it. All seem now awake to the importance of collecting and applying manures, and we hope soon to see the lands in this Parish restored to their original fertility. We have come across no lands which appear to us, so susceptible of permanent improvement as the lands of this Parish generally. The product of the cotton crop



averages from one hundred to one hundred and fifty pounds per acre; on choice lands from three to three hundred and twenty pounds per acre; corn, from ten to twenty bushels. The other crops are not taken account of. The quantity of ground planted to the hand is still very large, being from twelve to nineteen acres. The usual allotment is from nine to fifteen of cotton, three to five of corn, and three-quarters to one-half of root potatoes, besides which there are planted some slip potatoes (principally for seed,) oats, rye, peas, and rice. In order to get through with so much the plough has to be resorted to freely, and one plough to every three negroes is usual. There are several fine native grasses which grow in the swamps, especially where there have been fields, which make excellent hay. Mr. Hasgell, we believe, is the only one who cuts and cures much of it. Blades and oat straw are principally depended on for feeding stock.

*Live Stock.*—Cattle kept in large numbers, but there is very little attention paid to them, and no provision made for their support, they only being valued for making manure and affording beef for the Plantation now and then. Within a few years the Durham breed has been introduced. We saw some very fine half-bloods at Mr. Hasgell's, and also at the Rev. Mr. Johnson's, who has a young bull of the pure blood. Mr. Hasgell, who first introduced the breed, was so unfortunate as to lose his bull. Mr. Wm. Thompson has also a fine young bull of the pure blood.

*Horses and Mules.*—Mules are generally worked on the large Plantations, as also are mares kept for breeding. The descendants of the Germans (who are in considerable numbers in this Parish) work horses in preference. *Race horses* are bred by a few individuals. *Sheep* are kept on every Plantation for the use of the table; generally they are of the common kinds, but some few are in the possession of the South Down and broad-tailed African.

*Goats* are also to be met with in small numbers on most Plantations; they are also kept only for the table. *Hogs.*—About two-thirds of the number required for its consumption are raised in the Parish, the remainder are purchased. Nearly all are of the common breed. Some of the Woburn were introduced a few years ago from Philadelphia by Mr. Dullas. Mr. Hasgell has a pair. The sow is the finest animal of the kind we have seen. We do not mean as to size, for we have seen larger, but size combined with symmetry. She measures from the tip of the snout to the root of the tail four feet seven inches; width across the hips ten inches, across the shoulder thirteen inches, girth near the shoulder three feet and eleven inches, height in front twenty-three inches, behind twenty-five. She is now but ten months old. At five months, she weighed one hundred and fifty pounds. *Poultry.*—A sufficient number of fowls, ducks, turkeys, and geese, are raised throughout the Parish for its consumption. In the lower part they are raised in considerable quantities for the Charleston market.

*Gardens and Orchards.*—These are comparatively but little attended to. On every plantation there is a garden, but unfortunately, here as we have found it elsewhere, very little attention is bestowed on it, a few common vegetables being generally all that is grown there. We would like to see this department more attended to. Our Planters really are not aware of the great benefits, (not to speak of the comforts and real luxuries,) to be derived from a well managed garden. Yet wherever we have visited in the country, whether near or far from the city, with but a very few exceptions, we have not come across anything

deserving the name of a garden, in the immediate neighbourhood of cities excepted. There are no doubt many, but our meeting with so few shows how rare they are. The above remarks are applicable to the kitchen garden. Still fewer are the attempts to cultivate flowers and exotics. We have had the pleasure, however, of visiting three or four plantations, (and we have heard of several others which we hope to visit ere long,) where these were not only cultivated in the open grounds, but green-houses were erected for the protection of the more delicate. At Col. Edward Richardson's we saw a large display of tulips and hyacinths. There were between fifteen hundred and two thousand of the former planted in beds by themselves. The hyacinths were also numerous and in full bloom. Only a few of the tulips were open, which we regretted much. The flower garden is immediately in front of the house, and of large size. It is not as yet finished and stocked, but will be soon. Among the exotics which stand the winter without protection we noticed the following:—*Pyrus Japonica*, (both the white and red varieties;) *Cydonia sinensis*; *Spirea critica*; *S. cella*; *Magnolia purpurea*; *Erythrina Cristigalli*, (which blooms, Col. R. informed us, three times during the year;) *Ilex ferox*; *Clematis flammula* *Wisteria*, *Consequana*, (growing with great luxuriance;) *Pyrus malus flore pleno*; *Coronella*: and many others. There are many roses and honey-suckles. Among the latter are some hybrids grown by Col. Richardson of great beauty. Many of our showy native shrubs, such as *Kalmias*, *Rhododendrons*, *Magnolias*, *Gordonias*, &c. have with good taste been introduced. There is also a green-house containing the rare and delicate plants; we took no note of them. The kitchen garden is well laid off and better stocked than any other we saw, but even it was comparatively but indifferently supplied to what it might have been. That we may not be supposed to have fixed too high a standard in this respect, we will here enumerate what vegetables might be had in the month of January, which all will admit, is one of the very worst for obtaining a full supply. We can obtain from the open ground with but ordinary care and attention, and without resort to artificial heat, or protection, (except the winter be uncommonly severe,) the following, viz. cabbages, cauliflowers, brocoli, beets, carrots, salsafy, parsnips, white and yellow turnips, kohlrabbi, ruta бага, celery, lettuce, spinage, and radishes. Let our planters enquire among themselves, and inform us who has had the one half of the above at any time during the winter in his garden; and yet they are all of easy culture. The cauliflower is a little uncertain, and may at times require the protection of a little straw, but the rest are easily raised and ought to be in every garden. We will endeavour to supply our friends, sometime hence, with all the information necessary to enable them to have them. With respect to orchards we neither saw nor heard of any along the river. A few peach trees and wild plums are to be found on every plantation, but no regular orchard is planted. The Germans in the interior of the Parish, however, bestow more attention on them. They invariably, we have been informed, plant a peach orchard when they make a settlement, which is kept up. They also cultivate the apple in small quantities, but it is said not with much success, perhaps more owing to the kinds cultivated than to any other cause. In the neglect of the orchard the planters of St. Matthews are not alone, for unfortunately throughout the greatest part of the lower section of this State, no attention is bestowed on it. We know of some exceptions to this remark,

where fruit trees of all the kinds which succeed in our climate are carefully cultivated. In neglecting the orchard our Planters deprive themselves of many luxuries which all the money they may make by cotton cannot supply—and why should this be so? The ground is of no consequence,—there is enough and to spare. Trees of the very best varieties (grafted or inoculated) can be obtained at small cost. An old hand, one who can do little else, could be appropriated to this work, which would not require his attendance but at certain seasons. Why then, we repeat, is the orchard so neglected? The absence from the plantation for some of the summer months is not a satisfactory answer, for most live where they can still enjoy their fruit, and even if they did not, a good orchard would certainly add to the comfort of their negroes. If the children eat the green fruit, it is the fault of the Planter, for this can and ought to be guarded against.

*Negroes.*—These are well fed and clothed. A peck of corn, or its equivalent in other food, with from two to four pounds of bacon or salt fish, are allowed to each full grown hand per week. Their clothing consists of planes, or thick coarse woolen jacket and pantaloons. In summer they are clothed in cotton osnaburgs. Shoes are of course allowed. The children are collected in the mornings and placed in the charge of an old nurse, who takes care of, and cooks for them, while the parents are absent at work. The usual task for a full hand, with the hoe, is one acre, following after the plough. They are allowed several privileges, such as cultivating small fields and gardens for themselves, raising poultry and hogs, and some few allow those who will take care of them, a cow or two. It is not, however, thought good policy by some, to allow the two last, as the negroes too frequently abuse the privilege and appropriate their master's to their own use. All things raised or grown by them are usually purchased by the master; and we are glad to say, that wherever we have visited, (and we believe the custom is general,) the above privileges are allowed, and it is considered a point of honor with the master, to purchase whatever his negroes have to sell, which he knows to be the product of their industry, whether he has need for the articles or not. In St. John's, Berkley, many if not all of the Planters, purchase in large quantities, such groceries and other articles as are most likely to be in request among the negroes, which they let them have at cost, and which secures it to them at wholesale prices. This plan has been found to succeed admirably in preventing all trafficking at the stores or with canal boatmen. We did not learn that this plan has been adopted in St. Matthews, and we believe it is not. We would, however, recommend it for trial at least.

When hired out, the wages is from sixty to one hundred dollars per annum, always commencing and terminating on the 1st January. There are no particular police regulations observed, further than those enforced by the laws of the State.

*Overseers.*—Most of these are young men who have grown up in the Parish. They are considered as generally good managers. Some who have emigrated to other Parishes have acquired considerable reputation. The salaries vary from two hundred to four hundred dollars according to the number of hands and the capability of the incumbent. He is allowed as much of the produce of the plantation as he may require, and a certain quantity of coffee, sugar, and bacon, in proportion to the number of his family.



*Agricultural Societies.*—None at present exist in this Parish, but we hope this will not long be the case.

*Roads.*—The roads are generally good, owing as much to the nature of the ground over which they run as the care bestowed on them. The rail-road from Branchville to Columbia passes through this Parish. It is graded, but the rails are not yet laid. The excavations and embankments are in several places of considerable extent, and from twenty to thirty feet in height. Over the Congaree they are now engaged in building a bridge which is to rest on cypress piles driven into the bed of the river, and through the swamp.

*Fish.*—In the rivers are caught trout, brim, goggle-eyes, cat-fish, rock-fish, sturgeon, and shad in the proper season. None are found in the streams, but in the ponds are trout, brim, pike, jack, perch, and silver fish. In the proper season large numbers of shad are caught with seines; what are not used fresh, are salted up for the plantation.

*Game.*—Deer, from some cause, have become scarce, *wild turkies* are abundant in the swamps, *wood-cocks* and *snipes* rarely found, especially the former. *Partridges* and *doves* are to be found in considerable quantities, the former are very tame.

*Bees*—These are kept on almost every plantation, in common hives. The Germans usually have a large number of hives, as they make a considerable use of honey in their domestic arrangements.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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For the Southern Cabinet.

## ADDRESS,

DELIVERED TO THE BARBOUR COUNTY (ALA.) AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY,

*On the Anniversary of the Birth-day of Washington.*

BY COL. JOHN L. HUNTER.

MR. PRESIDENT:—The very short period allotted for an address, and the numerous and imperious calls of business, at an important season of the year, to a farmer, form my apology for a few crude and desultory remarks, which I regret are not more interesting and acceptable to your Society.

The subject of Agriculture early attracted the attention of mankind. At the fall of our first parents from their high estate, the decree of the Almighty went forth throughout all the earth, that man should subsist by the sweat of his brow. By the cultivation of the soil, he is fed, clothed and made comfortable. The Agriculturist is deservedly held, without censorious reflection upon other useful and commendable employments, in the highest estimation. The management and labors of the field expand the mind—elevate the thoughts—inspire the energy, and promote

the health of the scientific cultivator.\* He follows an employment that supports the main pillar of society; and to his failure or success, may, in no small degree, be attributed the adversity or prosperity of the community.

What has not the failure of the grain crop in England produced?—a derangement in all her calculations of business; and an incessant drain of her precious metal, almost driving her Bank to insolvency, and her citizens to distress and ruin. No country can be prosperous and independent, which is compelled to go beyond the resources of her own soil, for the staff of life. God, in his mercy to mankind, has endowed every soil, in every clime, with the capacity to furnish such vegetables as are necessary to human existence. The frigid regions of the north, and the sunny regions of the south exhibit the goodness of the Almighty in this particular. It is true that some climates and soils are more congenial to vegetation, but all are dependent upon industry and skill; and it is gratifying to the pride of human nature, to see the enterprise of man in unfavoured regions, overcoming every impediment and excelling other regions, blessed with superior natural advantages. By the light of science, soils, which have been considered barren wastes, have been made to support a flourishing population—bountifully contributing to supply the wants of man. By the enterprise and skill of her husbandry, the rocky soils of the bleak hills of Caledonia are made to excel the richer and more highly favored soil of England.

A distinguished writer, in drawing a comparison between the Flemish and English husbandry, uses the following language: "No where in the world is the contrast so marked, as that between the Flemish and English modes of cultivation. An average crop of wheat, in England, is twenty-four bushels per acre; in Flanders it is thirty-five bushels. This immense advantage in favor of Flanders does not arise, as might be supposed, from its possessing a better natural soil or a milder climate, but entirely from the different modes of cultivation pursued in these two countries. At no very distant period, the fields of Flanders, now so productive, were little else than loose sand and gravel; whereas the soil of England was always naturally fertile, and in part lies in a more southerly parallel than Flanders."

He sums up the difference, in the following causes:

"1st. The abundance and judicious application of manure.

"2nd. Digging all the lands on their farms, every three or four years, with spades.

"3d. The complete extirpation of all weeds and noxious roots.

"4th. Regular and repeated hoeings.

"5th. A careful choice, and alternation of grain, and seeds for sowing.

"6th. An improved rotation of crops."

On the subject of manure, allow me to observe, no region in the world affords more abundant and exhaustible sources for manuring, than the country, by Divine Providence, you are called to inhabit. The surface

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\* It will not be doubted, that with reference either to national or individual welfare, agriculture is of primary importance. In proportion as nations advanced in population and other circumstances of maturity, this truth becomes more and more apparent, and renders the cultivation of the soil more and more an object of public patronage. Institutions for fostering it grew up supported by the public purse, and to what object can it be dedicated with greater propriety? Such establishments contribute doubly to the increase of improvement by stimulating to enterprise and experiment.—*Extract from President Washington's Speech to Congress, Dec. 7th, 1796,*

of the earth is covered with a quantity and variety of decomposed and decomposing vegetable matter; the river and every streamlet holds inexhaustible beds of marl, and what is still better, the rich marl soil, prepared by nature for immediate use, to enrich the poorest soil, which, with the necessary tools, labor and carts, can be procured and transported with but little expense, compared with its immense value.

In other countries, with less natural advantages, with greater and more expensive labor, no soil would be considered too poor for cultivation. A poor silicious soil, upon the hills that skirt the sea-board of South-Carolina, by a judicious application of salt-grass and mud, taken from their salt-flats at a considerable expense of labor, is made rich and productive; and poor land, so situated, commands a ready market, at prices not much under fifty dollars per acre.

By a geological survey of Virginia, in a district of country considered unimportant, beds of marl have been discovered and analyzed; and by successful experiment and application to a poor soil, have enhanced the value of lands from comparatively nothing to a very high price.

It may be unnecessary to observe, that cotton seed, for corn, is with every planter a cheap and abundant manure, easy of transportation, but of short duration, whose fertilizing qualities can be greatly improved by the addition of marl or vegetable matter, and the manure arising from the stables and cattle pens. Much labor and expense may now be saved,† and the necessity of emigration prevented, so often attended with disastrous consequences and sore disappointment, by an early attention to the preserving a fine virgin soil, which has come fresh into our hands. Let it be remembered—no soil is too rich to be exhausted—Nature cannot stand an incessant drain, without having restored to her what she looses. The soil must be recusitated by resting, manuring, and a judicious rotation of crops. It would be to the interest of the cotton planters, to rest a portion of land every year, not subject to the tread or trespass of an animal. The weeds and other matter grown upon it should be ploughed down and turned under in the fall. The heart of the land will be cheered by the growing up of weeds to protect it from the scorching and exhaling rays of a southern sun—and much atmospheric manure will settle upon, and be retained in it.

Of all plants cultivated in our region, cotton flourishes most on a rested soil, and it is subject to disease and to become the prey of insects, when too long, in successive years, grown on the same soil, which might prove more successful in any other crop. It comes under my own observation, of the successful cultivation of a farmer, whose soil was a poor silicious sand—his success was a wonder to the neighborhood. The secret of his success was, that he had more than one-third of his cleared land at undisturbed rest—he accumulated immense quantities of pine straw and oak leaves, rotted in pens and cow-pens during the winter—early in the fall he would turn under the surface of his land that had been at rest one or two years; and in addition make application of manure, and keep up a constant rotation of crop from cotton to corn, &c.—plant more largely of his light soil and keep the crop free from weeds and grass, by constant ploughing and hoeing.

A very important point in agriculture is a judicious rotation of crops. Nature becomes tired of a long succession of the same growth. Oak lands, when turned out, are seen to grow up in pines, and vice versa,



furnishing man with advice and instruction not to be disregarded. It is in the experience of every farmer, that corn flourishes well in succession to cotton; and that corn continued for several successive years upon marl land, is subject to the destructive prey of insects, and particularly of that called the bill-bug; and being succeeded by cotton, the land is safe and productive in corn again. Cotton is a fine feeder, and sends down a tap root—corn is a coarse feeder and sends out numerous horizontal roots—hence the advantage of the change of culture to the land and the crop. Lands are rendered much more productive by flushing or ploughing them in during the winter—the weeds and grass turned under—a heavy soil is particularly rendered more manageable, during the growing season, and from its spongy condition, it absorbs much of the fertilizing matter settled on it from the atmosphere. It may be unnecessary to remark, to ensure a full harvest, the growing crop must be repeatedly ploughed and hoed—from fifteen to twenty days, and kept clear of weeds and grass.

The Alabama planter has abundant inducement to industry and enterprise; unlike the peasantry of other countries, he cultivates a soil that acknowledges him master—not subject to the will, caprice, or avaricious exaction of a lordly proprietor. What improvements he makes goes to his own benefit and that of his posterity. He lives in a mild climate, upon a fertile soil, with inexhaustible resources to preserve its fertility and adapted to the cultivation of the richest staple of the world. His employment, although it leads not to sudden acquisition of fortune, is not subject to those casualties and fluctuations which attend other employments, and with skill, industry, and economy, is a safe and certain means of the accumulation of wealth; without economy, man's labor would be in vain. As we have observed, the Farmer's employment is destined to be the most independent on earth; upon him all classes are dependent for the bread they eat and the clothes they wear. But with bad and improper management, he can make himself sordidly dependent; his business unprofitable and expensive; accumulating debt in the place of money, poverty in the place of wealth. Almost every article he can and should raise to supply his own wants, and if he neglects to do it, he never fails to repent his folly.

In his provision arrangements, he should ever bear in mind that the country has a right to look to him for his quota to supply the wants of those classes who do not cultivate the earth; and he will then have the satisfaction to see the price of living reduced, and enjoy the well earned pride of a patriot, that his country is not humbled in sending abroad her supplies, subject to the expenses of transportation and agency.

A gross folly is, a disposition to cultivate more ground than can be managed with skill and ability; a few acres, well prepared and well worked, will yield more than double the quantity, badly prepared and badly worked. And a still greater folly, and one which has of late become too prevalent is that of planting too large a cotton and too short a corn crop. Our experience teaches—confirmed, no doubt, by every practical man in our society—that the farmer can plant for an abundant provision crop, and at the same time plant as much cotton as he can conveniently harvest; and any more would be a waste of time and labor which can be more advantageously employed. Another error is, that of planting our corn close. In our southern latitudes, the stalks require more distance

than in a northern, to secure it against the destruction disease called "firing."\* Another error too common in our newly settled country is that of depending on our new cleared ground for our provision crop.

Experience has taught us that such land will do better in cotton than corn, and in a drouthy season will yield comparatively nothing in the latter crop. Above all consideration our provision crop should be put on safe land.

I cannot close this imperfect address, without a passing remark on the Grand-Master Farmer of our country, whose birth-day it is your pride and pleasure to celebrate, as the anniversary of our Society. As a Patriot and Farmer, no man ever lived who has done so much, by example and precept, to improve the condition of mankind.† He was a scientific and systematic Farmer, and delighted and excelled in the employment. He kept a regular ‡diary of his proceedings. Like a merchant, he every year balanced his accounts, and knew, without speculation, how stood his affairs; whether prosperous or adverse—what improvements in his lands and culture to make, to render his business profitable, his laborers comfortable, and himself independent. His correspondence on agriculture furnishes useful lessons and advice for the Farmers of every soil and climate. He lived not for himself or our country alone—he lived to bless mankind. Although he has gone to reap the harvest of a well spent life—he speaks to us, his children, admonishing us to be industrious, frugal and economical—the only road to wealth and happiness.

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For the Southern Cabinet.

### DURHAM CATTLE.

AT WHAT AGE BEST TO IMPORT THEM—WILL THRIVE ON OUR WORST PASTURES—AND MAY BE BRED FROM AT ONE YEAR OLD.

*To the Editor of the Carolina Planter.*

DEAR SIR,—Having read several articles in your paper on the Durham cattle, I write you this to add to the mass of information already presented to the public. The experience of your other friends differs so entirely from my own, that I am inclined to believe some of us have fallen into error. It is affirmed that the Durhams are too delicate in construction, require more feed, and in all other respects are more unsuited to our climate than the other breed of cattle. My experience is directly the other way. For the last six years I

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\* A disease which turns the corn-leaves yellow and shortens the ear of corn and destroys the blades.

† Agriculture has ever been among the most favoured of my amusements.—*Extract from Washington's Letter to Arthur Young (England.)*

‡ See Sparks' Washington, from page 336 to 381, vol. 12.

have seen many Durhams, Devons, and some Ayrshire, imported into Charleston and its vicinity. Under *proper* treatment they have all of them fulfilled *here* the respective characteristics they have always borne *elsewhere*. Under *improper* treatment they have all of them suffered from delicacy of constitution, &c. All cattle imported from abroad to become acclimated, must undergo the same changes of constitution as foreigners coming for the first time amongst us. If you expect cattle from Europe, where they are generally housed, and fed on the richest and best of food, to keep healthy and fat, when turned out upon our razor-shaved meadows, and corn-stalk fields, you will be sadly disappointed, and even when housed and well-fed, if you expect them not to pant during our summers, and to die under the influences of our noxious climate, you will be as much out of the way, as to look for health and beauty on the cheek of a mountain-lass working amid the miasma of our low country rice-fields.

Most of us, at a very high price, import the Durham cattle when full grown. Their constitutions have been already formed and accustomed to the climate whence they came, and it is impossible for them to undergo the radical and necessary change required here. Were we to import at a younger age, the result would be different. Out of twenty or thirty bulls and cows imported from Europe, the North, and Kentucky, during the past year, I know of but three or four now surviving. Out of the same number of calves, I know of as few that have not stood our climate.

But to the point from which I have diverged. About three years since I purchased in Charleston a Durham bull-calf one year old. I turned him among my commons cattle, and only housed and fed him at night. He survived the summer, and is now perhaps one of the finest bulls in this State. Having supplied myself with several of his get, I sold him to Jenkins Mikell, Esq. of Edisto Island, who assures me that although he has turned him upon nothing but the common marsh pastures of his island, he has all the year kept fatter and in better health than any of his common cattle. By this bull, when but eighteen months old, I got twelve calves. The pasture upon which they have fed is a bad one, and yet these calves have kept fat, and are (I speak with due care,) twice as large as calves of other cows by common bulls. I have several calves from this bull, which though but one year old, are as large as their mothers. I now own a white Durham bull dropped two years since from a very beautiful Durham cow imported by Col. Hampton. I raised him from the bottle, until six months old, and then turned him out to pasture, feeding him at night as I did my other cattle. At one year old I put him to sixteen of my cows, and this season have sixteen of his calves. Though from common Carolina cows, every one who has seen these calves have been struck with their superior beauty of form, and enlarged size, when compared with the common breed. That I have not taken up a partial opinion, let the following fact speak. One of these calves from a very inferior cow, I sent to market with two other calves from good cows, though by a common bull. The calf by the Durham bull, though four weeks younger, brought twelve dollars, while the other two brought only eight dollars apiece. I hesitate nothing in saying, upon my own experience, and upon information collected from several of my friends who are competent to speak, that the Durham feed closer, live on coarser food, grow larger, and give more milk than any other cattle which can be produced in our climate. Their butteraceous



qualities, like that of all other breeds, depends upon the butteraceous qualities of the food they get. If you feed them to give much milk, expect them to give less butter, and *vice versa*. I owned a Durham cow, which by a particular mode of feeding, I could make give thirty quarts of milk per day, and yet the same milk would not yield as much butter as when I fed her to give but twelve or fourteen quarts. I have some calves from the most beautiful Devon bull ever brought to this State. They are fine calves, but not so good as the Durhams.

I have a full blooded Durham heifer two years old. It has been raised entirely upon one of the poorest pastures in the low-country. For size, beauty, and every other qualification, I can safely put it against any full grown Devon, Ayrshire, or other cow, I have ever seen. I must distinctly repeat, that this calf has lived on the common pasture. It has scarcely ever tasted grain. Both it and the young bull I own, live on the same pasture with my other cows, and are more thrifty.

It is said that to have these cattle in perfection you must feed them high and attend them well. So you must; but in the low country where we must have a large flock of cattle, we cannot afford to do so. Must we on that account have nothing to do with the breed? I think not. If we cannot have this cattle in the perfection they are found in Europe, we may nevertheless introduce them to improve our common breed, and any one who will take this view only, will attain much.

We all know how much a cross of breeds will do for cattle; and it is from the want of this as much as from any other cause that our native stock have degenerated so much. Under the very best system of attention and feeding, if you do not frequently cross the breed and relationship of animals they will degenerate in size and quality. There are few plantations in South-Carolina, where this fact, though so notoriously obvious, has been attended to, and the proper correctives applied. For one hundred dollars a Durham calf of the purest breed can be delivered in Charleston. At one year of age he is fit to put to cows, and from what I have seen I think the get of bulls at this age the best. I have tried them from one to five years of age, and find the calves of the former always the finest in form and size, and have satisfied some of the most skeptical upon this point. When I first advanced this I was laughed at, because contrary to the supposed experience of the country. I say supposed experience because the custom was only founded on supposition. Every one who will pay attention to the matter, will find, that even among his common cattle the finest calves are invariably by his youngest bulls. My old cow-driver, who has had forty years experience, vouches this truth. I am opposed to none of the other breed of cattle; they are all excellent of their kinds. The object of this hurried letter is to prove that the introduction of fine cattle amongst us, will improve our native breeds, and that too, on the very worst of pastures. Dr. O'Hear and Dr. Harleston of this Parish, have with myself bred from Durham bulls, for the last few years, and we are now fully convinced that the calves thus bred have suffered drought, inattention, and I may actually say, *starvation*, better than calves from the native bred. The gentlemen whose names I have used, will excuse the liberty herein taken. I do it for the confirmation of truth.

Respectfully yours, &c.

B. R. CARROLL,

## ON REARING AND FEEDING SHEEP.

[CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 149.]

The shepherds will continue drawing the ewes to the lambing ground in succession from the fields, and keep remaining the oldest lambs with their dams to the pastures, and sort them in lots by the size of the fields and the quality of its produce. If the paddock be puddled bare in any places, it should be harrowed and rolled, and seed sown if necessary. In the end of May, the washing of sheep generally begins, and is continued according to situation and exposure. The lots of different sorts and ages are driven to the side of a running stream, with a gently sloping bank, and are there close hurdled in succession on a confined space of ground with a middle division fence extending a distance into the river. Four men stand in the river of two or three feet in depth, the unwashed sheep are pent close to the bank and are handed in single succession by persons for the purpose to the nearest man in the river, who turns the animal on its back, and moves it to and fro in the water; it is then passed on to the second, and so on to the third and fourth, who plunges the animal for the last time, examines the wool, and sees that all is right, and then directs it to ascend the sloping bank to the part of the enclosed ground separate from the unwashed sheep by the middle fence. When a lot has been thus washed and has had a time allowed to drip, it is moved off to the pasture field by a boy or lad, and the remaining lots are washed, returned in a similar manner, and in succession. During this process it is necessary that the unwashed sheep be closely pent in order to prevent their running about, and sustain damage in catching: and they will be removed to and from the operation in a gentle manner. A running stream is much to be preferred in carrying off all filth and impurities. In about ten days after washing, the wool will be sufficiently dry for shearing, which is usually performed by the shepherds, and in large farms the adjoining farmers assist each other in succession: and it is now customary to pay a price per score, about 4s., to a number of men who travel a district for the purpose. The wool is now severed from the animal by cutting a cross or round the body, the shearer begins at the ear, and opens a passage to the fore-legs: he then cuts alternately with the right and left hands straight across, and meets on the back, and the fleece descends regularly to the tail, and then falls off. Some use the right hand only, and turn the animal as one side is cut. For this purpose a hard floor must be provided, of clean earth, bricks, turfs from a thick grassy sward, or a strong cloth; at all events it must be clean; and the wool as shorn is wrapped by in single fleeces by a careful person, first cutting off the locks and any coarse particles or filth that may be attached. It is then laid up for sale in the wool room, or in want of such a place, a part of the corn granary may answer. In a proper wool room, upright posts are very necessary in preventing the falling down of the wool when built to a considerable height. It is often necessary to house the sheep, or one lot, during the night, and they must be closely confined near to the shearers, and under the same roof. In very fine weather the process goes on in the open air.

When the lambs are about three months they are weaned, and are at once removed to a distant field beyond hearing the mother's bleat. The best pastures and aftermaths will be given them, and the best encouragement the farm will afford. Soon after shearing the whole flocks are

marked or branded with one or both of the initial letters of his owner's name, with a mixture of charcoal or soot and pitch boiled very hot. Other ingredients are used; and in order to distinguish the ages and sorts of the sheep, they are marked differently, ewes on the near middle rib, wethers on the far middle rib, male lambs on the near hip, and ewe lambs on the far hip, and several other marks are adopted by the wish or fancy of the farmer. After weaning, no other change takes place until September, when the culling and sorting process will again occur, and I may again mention the propriety of culling and marking deficiencies throughout the year, as opportunities of observation occur. When September arrives little will remain to be done.

The diseases of sheep are now not numerous, and disappear before improved management. Maggots prevailed only near the sea, and are easily prevented by constant attention, and a slight application of acids and corrosives; the preventive powder has answered well. The immersing process now adopted to prevent ticks and lice, and any cutaneous itching, is very useful and efficacious, and supersedes the use of the bathings of tobacco juices and other mixtures applied to sheep in autumn; for the scab many remedies are known, the best is to prevent it by good keeping; the foot-rot is local, and the real rot also, depending on seasons, and perhaps more on management.

In large flocks much confusion would ensue if rams and ewes were put together promiscuously and without any attention to descent and relationship. To prevent such mixtures, the shepherd marks the ewe lambs that are the progeny of each individual ram, generally on the ears, and he is thus able to know at any time the connexion of the whole flock, and the farmer is thus enabled to allot the ewes and rams to nearer or more distant degrees of blood as he may think proper. This distinction is never lost sight of in breeding, or in hiring a ram; new blood will be infused, which may be crossed afterwards with native, and again with distant blood, and thus keep flocks removed from too near consanguinity. But without some such distinction, the whole system would become a mass of confusion.

In the month of October the lambs, now called hogs or tegs, will be laid on turnips on the field, or removed to a lea or stubble field. The turnips are now very generally cut on the field for them and put into troughs, which, with the cutters, are moved as required; the practice is more desirable in the case of hogs or tegs than of older sheep, though it is much recommended for all ages. The lots of feeding sheep will be fed in a similar manner, or get turnips on grass fields or stubbles with an ample allowance—but that none be wasted. When the turnips are eaten on the ground on poor lands, the whole crop is allowed; on better soils, one-half, or one-third, is removed, and the remainder is eaten on the land. On sands and all dry loams where the sheep can lie dry in the wettest weather, feeding on the land seems unobjectionable, but on the wet poachy loams where the best crops of turnips are produced, the animal stands and lies on mud during rains and the melting of snow, the turnips are fouled and wasted, and the process is attended with loss on both sides. It has been proposed that the sheep have a field of stubble or lea, adjoining to which they can retire and lie during the night, but this convenience cannot always be found; the loss in turnips remains, and the wetness of the land to which sheep have a great aversion. I have proposed and often practised, to eat the whole turnip crops not required for home consumption on lea and stubble, and the land would



by this method get the benefit derived from the sheep in regular rotation as well as in arable farm, care being taken to spread the turnips evenly over all the field, that the benefit may be equal. The sheep would have a dry and warm bed at pleasure, and not confined to lie on mud and mire on the ploughed field, and often pent in a fold of a small space. I do not include the driest turnip soils: and the cutting of the turnips will prevent much of the waste, but it may not be applied in every case, and the expense may be an objection. The confining and folding of sheep on ploughed lands is most objectionable in the northern counties, and in all cold and exposed latitudes, and on damp subsoils in the southern counties, and in all dry lands, warm climates and sheltered situations the objections may be more limited. The custom of confining of sheep in a fold on an exposed field among rains and snows in order to benefit the land cannot be for a moment admitted; in mild climates, where it may be practised with less objection, the turnips should be cut in troughs, or thrown back over the fence; in order to prevent the waste or running over them, and treading and fouling the firm shell, and in ease of eating winter and summer tares, the food should be cut and thrown over the fence into the racks. The expense of cutting the food will be amply repaid by the quantity lost by treading, especially during wet weather on damp clayey soils where tares are mostly grown. This custom of confining sheep by regular folding on the land where the food is growing, will in certain circumstances above mentioned be very beneficial, and is followed with much success; the other mode of feeding the sheep in our quarter, and driving them to a fold in another, is liable to heavy objections, and is only practised on certain soils and circumstance. I could hope that the folding of ewes and lambs on rough summer fallows, and in mud during wet weather, which I have seen in the southern counties is not extensively practised. I would nearly as much object to driving the working flock, as they are called, to any such a bed, for sheep require to lie at ease, and to eat when inclined; the field when in clover could get the benefit of the fold, though for my own part I object to their being confined anywhere, except in particular cases where the food is growing on the field, and to which they have not full admission at once. In folds they are exposed to all weathers, heat of sun, winds, rains and snows, without any liberty of seeking shelter and a dry bed; and the sight of a fold on fallows in a wet morning satisfied me of the plan, for I never practised it. It is followed and much commended on the hard chalky soils of the south, and as there is usually some good attends any practice, the benefits may be circumstantial, and not capable of extensive application. It is evident that two and three-year-old sheep only should be so treated.

Both in feeding and in grazing during summer and winter small lots are greatly preferable. The distribution will, however, be much regulated by the size of the fields, the convenience of food, and other circumstances; but if possible, small numbers should be put together and occasionally shifted. A very objectionable custom prevails in the southern counties in keeping together the whole flock, to the amount of hundreds, and in eating the fields in succession with the lot, and returning over them again. In all enclosed counties each field should be allotted a number, by the acres it contains and the quality; but in hilly countries, on downs, and in all uninclosed districts, a different arrangement is caused by circumstances. But even in these cases the advantages of separation may be more regarded.

J. D.

## INDIAN CORN.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 140.]

We continue our reports of the Fifth Agricultural Meeting; the subject under discussion being Indian corn.

Mr. Meriam, of Tewksberry, on a visit to Poughkeepsie in 1838, found among those enterprising and intelligent farmers of Dutchess county, N. Y., that Indian corn was a crop highly esteemed, and upon which great reliance was placed. A farmer there with one hundred acres of land, would calculate to raise his five hundred bushels of corn. This valuable crop among our farmers had been much neglected.

The Poughkeepsie farmers could obtain manure for one dollar and fifty cents per load, but in many cases they preferred ploughing in green crops. They planted more to the acre than it was our habit to do, and they were extremely particular in the selection of their seed. All these were points in their cultivation to be approved and imitated. In these particulars our farmers were remiss; and especially in the selection of seed.

On his return, he established himself at Tewksbury, Middlesex county. He cultivated eight to nine acres in corn. He had made several experiments in the different kinds of corn. He had tried the large Dutton, the Canada, and the Brown corn, which had been so highly commended in the Monthly Visitor. He wrote to Mr. Brown, and having obtained the seed, he found that in its color, compactness, and size, it entirely corresponded to the description given of it.

He planted the Brown corn three days before the Dutton. It was fit for boiling when the Dutton corn was setting for ears. It was earlier than the kind known as the Phinney corn. The Phinney corn he preferred to the Canada. He selected his seed of the Brown corn from stalks producing two ears to a stalk. In going through his field he found much of it producing two, some of it three ears to a stalk. His corn was ripe the last week in August. Had he planted only the Brown corn, he should have obtained forty bushels more than he did. His Brown corn yielded 64 1-4 bushels per acre. In the autumn we had a severe gale, by which the corn suffered severely, wherever it was exposed, and the crop was greatly lessened. His Brown corn had passed the season of danger before this storm took place.

With respect to ploughing, the work among us was imperfectly executed. Foreign agriculturists perform their work in stirring the ground with horses. Americans do it with men. His own experience has satisfied him that the ground should be well manured, as vegetables require good feeding as much as animals. He is of opinion that in ploughing, the ground or sward should be completely inverted. The heat and light must be excluded, or the vegetable matter will not be decomposed.\* The piper grass will make its appearance and injure the crop.† Heavy lands should not be deeply ploughed. When the light and heat are not excluded, the sward will not be decomposed. He

\* This philosophy is somewhat questionable; but we are to be understood as acting as mere reporters.

† Here is a new name for the *tritium repens*, or creeping wheat, otherwise squitch or quack grass. This grass is a perfect alias, and has as many names as are to be found in the first chapter of Matthew.

would harrow the ground after spreading his manure two or three times. Rolling it after ploughing, serves to exclude light and heat. With regard to planting, he would not put manure in the hill. It is unphilosophical. It is like feeding an animal too high; like giving a pig pure Indian pudding, and then winding up the fattening process with dish-water.

Mr. Meriam was of opinion that the great error of our farmers was, in going over too much ground, and in not cultivating well what they undertook to cultivate. Under poor cultivation, Indian corn was often a losing crop. By good cultivation, with less labor and expense, a farmer might obtain from one acre as much as is now by imperfect cultivation, obtained from three acres.

The proper mode of planting depends somewhat on the ability of manuring the land; the frequency or nearness of the hills should bear some correspondence to the richness of the soil. He had a neighbor who spread his manure and manured his corn in the hill likewise. In planting, he put fifteen kernels to the hill, and selecting the best, left three stalks in a hill. His crop was more than eighty bushels to the acre. He did not plough more than two inches deep. Had he ploughed six inches deep, and excluded the light and heat from the inverted sward, his crop would have been better.\*

In regard to hoeing, he would say, if the lands are inclined to suffer from drought, he would use the cultivator in preference to the hoe. On dry lands no hill should be made; on spongy and wet land, corn should be hilled. In the harvesting of corn, he deemed it not advisable to cut it up at bottom, but when the corn was well forwarded, to top the stalks and allow the crop to ripen fully on the butt before it is gathered.

Mr. James W. Carter, from Lancaster, Worcester county, then addressed the meeting.

He began by saying that he did not feel at liberty to decline the call of the Chair. The President was accustomed to lay all his friends under contribution when he thought it would serve the public benefit. To speak here upon agriculture, was a new duty to him. He had been, much of his life, accustomed to give instruction, but he was not used, and he should not undertake, to give instruction to farmers in regard to their duty. For his own part, he had been much more familiar with turning periods than with turning furrows.

His early life, however, had been spent in rural scenes and occupations. Until he was twenty years old, he had become accustomed to labor on a farm. His early attainments to the useful and delightful pursuits of agriculture, so far from being abated, had daily become strengthened. The remainder of his life he considered devoted to agriculture. The pursuit constantly became more interesting to him, and he found its practical labors a source of pure and grateful enjoyment.

He felt deeply the importance of this subject in all its bearings upon individual and social comfort, and in its political and moral aspects. Its importance could not be over estimated. It gave him great pleasure to meet so large and respectable an assembly, devoted to agricultural inquiries; and he trusted that these discussions and the mutual interchange of experiences and opinions would lead to the development

\*It was really quite a tolerable crop as it was. Eighty bushels per acre is no trifle. We think Mr. M. must have labored under a mistake as to the ploughing being but two inches, and regret that we cannot send him a proof for correction, if correction be necessary.



and establishment of important principles as a safe basis for practice. Agriculture has been too much matter of guesswork or of slavish and blind adherence to former practices. He would have it matter of inquiry and of sound science.

On the subject before the meeting, the cultivation of Indian corn, he had been much gratified and interested by the remarks of this friend from Northampton. His object was to save labor and manure. This he himself admitted was a capital object. This labor and manure in farming operations, constituted all the trouble in farming; but if he should attempt to get along without labor and manure, his crops, to use a school phrase with which he was familiar, would be "minus." His soil needs much cultivation. It is a heavy soil resting upon a clayey subsoil. He had found one change in the mode of cultivation advantageous. The old mode of making hills round his corn he had abandoned, as a useless expense of labor and of no advantage to the crop.

In preparing for his corn crop he divides his manure into two parts; that which is green he spreads upon the land at the rate of twelve to twenty buck loads per acre, and ploughs it under four or five days before planting. He ploughs with as much evenness and exactness as possible. His fine compost manure made in his yards the preceding summer, he puts into the hill at planting. This is the first food of the plants, prepared for their immediate use. As the plant advances, and extends its roots, it finds the long manure ploughed under, the gradual decomposition of which has by that time been brought into a condition to be taken up by the plants. He deems it of great importance to plant in straight rows and to have his furrows even and true. He uses the cultivator, and spreads it so that all the land between the rows may be thoroughly stirred without disturbing the sward, and by having his rows straight, he can approach the more nearly to the plants. He is of opinion that the oftener he uses the cultivator among his corn, the better the crop will be. He cuts up the supernumerary stalks; and by his mode of cultivation, he has very much increased his products. He now gets eighty bushels to the acre. He objects to planting corn in drills, as he thinks it increases very much the labor of cultivation, without any additional profit. Immediately after harvest he puts on another dressing of manure and ploughs it in, turning up the sod; as his experience is in favor of this practice.

(Should this report catch Mr. Carter's eye, we hope he will do us the favor of stating the next step in his progress; what crop follows his corn; and what reasons he would give for reverting the sod at this second ploughing, instead of cultivating a grain crop by merely harrowing it in as is the approved practice of many excellent cultivators. Does he find the sward completely decomposed after one crop; or does he derive an advantage from hastening its decomposition by thus breaking it up by the plough? H. C.)

Mr. Allen Putnam continued the discussion.

He had made experiments with six different kinds of corn. Some which he received last year from the Commissioner, and which he called the Colman corn, he did not approve, as it yielded fifty bushels only per acre. (Now as we did not originate the corn, and gave it to him not for its productiveness, but its early maturity, we begged him at once to alter the name.)

The second, was the Richard's corn, which did better. (So much for Mr. Richards.)

The third was the Bosson corn; sometimes called the Parker corn, and originally from Canada. This produced fifty-five bushels per acre.

The fourth, the celebrated Tree corn, which gave sixty-two bushels to the acre. This kind he pronounced too late for our climate.

The fifth, the Tuscarora corn, which was first introduced as a garden corn. It was highly productive. The kernel was large, sound, and brittle. The meal was sweet; and on warm and good lands, the yield excellent. This gave sixty bushels per acre.

The sixth, the Dutton corn, did not do so well as the Brown corn, which was the kind they customarily planted. The Dutton would measure most on the cob in the basket; but when shelled, compared with the Brown corn, it would yield less by one quart in a bushel.

He was not desirous of increasing the number of ears upon a stalk. The number of ears on a stalk seemed to be gained at the expense of the size of the ears and the quantity of corn. He referred again to the great value of the harrow in the cultivation of this crop, and the importance of seeding liberally.

He approved the practice of harvesting his crop by cutting it up at the bottom soon after it was glazed. It would cure well though the ear were but slightly and imperfectly glazed. The corn which was thus managed had proved in the kernel the most plump and best. The larger the stalk of the corn the better the stook would stand; and though they had had foggy and wet weather after the corn was thus set up in the field, it had remained uninjured.

The further discussion of the subject was continued to the next meeting.

H. C.

## PINE PLAINS.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 143.]

We select the following remarks:—"Experience has demonstrated that when the sulphate of lime, or plaster of Paris is applied to soils, that it increases the growth of clover, and that when clover grown upon the soil is mixed, either by ploughing in the whole crop or by turning under clover stubble, that it prepares such soils for producing wheat in greater perfection than when manure is applied from the yard.

"It has been by pursuing this course of tillage, or rotation of crops, that many lands in western New-York, which by nature were thin, light soils, and which did not when first cultivated produce more than fifteen bushels of wheat per acre, have been made to produce from thirty to forty bushels. How long the fertility of lands thus managed will continue to increase is unknown, but thus far our fields which have been cultivated the greatest length of time, where attention has been paid to rotation, produce not only the greatest quantity but the best quality of wheat."

"Where fields are clear from stumps and stones so that they can be ploughed deep and regular, and where proper attention has been paid to seeding with Timothy and clover, many prefer turning clover either in crop or stubble under, and allowing it to remain, working the soil lightly with drag and rollers. In this way it is thought the greatest advantage by the preparatory crop is realized."

2nd. Those crops should be cultivated which are least exhausting, or afford an advantage of producing a green crop for manure without interfering with the regular crop. All crops that mature their seeds, such as corn, rye, wheat, oats, buckwheat, Indian wheat and millet, are regarded as exhausting crops, while clover and roots are found to be improving crops. But there is one great advantage attending some of these exhausting crops; they come off early and afford the advantage of sowing rye and clover late in summer or early in fall, so that there will be a good green crop to turn in late the next spring or early in summer.

Roots afford one of the most profitable and most improving crops, as they not only leave the soil in an improved state, but they afford much food for stock, and thus furnish a large quantity of manure with which the land may be greatly improved. Carrots and ruta bagas flourish well on light lands, and after they are improved all kinds of roots may be raised in abundance and at a little expense. The sugar beet would be one of the most profitable. There should be a rotation of crops, and so arranged that no two bearing a strong resemblance should come near each other, and one which comes off early should precede a late one in spring that a green crop for manure may intervene.

3rd. Ploughing should be deep; this is of the highest importance. Many farmers say that their manure is soon lost on light lands, as it runs down; on this account they cover it lightly that the roots of plants may be benefitted as it is passing down. This is a great mistake, and thousands suffer by it. Animal and vegetable manures will escape by ascension in gasses, which is their first and best property, unless they are covered deep in the soil, and they are much more likely to escape from light, porous soils, than from those more hard and close. Here is the cause of the loss of manure on sandy soils; they pass off at the surface, instead of descending below the region of the roots of plants as generally supposed. Numerous experiments show this, but we have not time to refer them. In addition to the burying of manure deep, clay mixed with sand renders the soil more compact and tends to prevent the escape of manure at the surface.

4th. An orchard on pine plains, or other light sandy land, will be greatly benefitted by clay, mud, or muck; and decaying leaves, or any other decaying vegetable substance, will render the soil more retentive of moisture and serve as a manure for the trees. Small quantities of lime and plaster are useful. Leaves laid around trees will retard the evaporation of moisture from a dry soil, and as they decay they will form an excellent manure for the trees, and if the leaves that fall from the trees are likely to blow away they should be covered in earth.

This presents another subject for consideration; as the leaves may form a good shelter for the mice, on this account it may be well to cover the leaves in soil, and if this soil be clayey or muddy, instead of the light and porous that is on the land, so much the better. Thin, flat stones, laid around trees on any soil have an excellent effect. They keep the soil light and loose and retain the moisture. By laying them a little



distance apart they will not afford any shelter to mice. These have in some measure the effect of stone wall, around which it is well known that trees flourish remarkably well. Washing the trees with soap suds will destroy lice and moss, and furnish a good manure for the trees.

Our remarks on this subject are in some respects rather general, which will naturally lead to further investigation and to experiments. Among several good methods of improvement it is hard to decide in this early state of the business which should be preferred. Though the experiments that have been made, show in a most positive manner, that pine plains, with good management, possess the power of renovation, and that this may be accomplished, and still further, that they may be made extremely rich, pay all expenses in the course of a few years, and then afford a great profit, yet one uniform course has not been pursued, but few have given their experience to the public, and the business is yet in its infancy. But all agree in the general principles, and we have enough to guide us in successful experiments.

In the course of a few weeks, we will speak more particularly upon some points in this subject, recommend a rotation of crops for light lands and suggest some things for experiment by those who work pine plains. Meantime we should be happy to have the experiments and opinions of any who have given their attention to this subject, whether they accord with our views or not.

[Yankee Farmer.]

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For the Southern Cabinet.

### CALCAREOUS MANURES.

*To the Editor of the Southern Cabinet.*

SIR,—Attention to the uses of Calcareous Manures has greatly increased within the last year or two, and many inquire of me as to the appearance, the component parts, and mode of using it on land. I always refer them to Mr. Ruffins' book, and to his valuable periodical publications, for practical instruction. I have various specimens of marl, and of the magnesian lime-stone, found in that portion of our State which ranges within eighty or ninety miles of the sea-coast from North-Carolina to Georgia. I now leave some of them at your office for inspection. I believe that it may be found in almost every Parish of this portion of the State, and on the banks of most of the water-courses. Several valuable beds have been discovered within two years, where they were not previously known to be, and where they would probably have passed unnoticed, but for the interest lately excited by its valuable effects as a manure in Virginia, New-Jersey, and elsewhere. I have seen it in St. Matthew's Parish, at Pinckney's Ferry, and Caldwell's plantation near McCord's Ferry, and in the neighbourhood of Manchester. I have heard of it in Barnwell near the Lower Three Runs, and on the Peedee river below Society Hill: but do not know of its having been found above this line, until we come to the fine Lime-stone Rock in Spartanburgh.

Most of what I have seen can be dug very near the surface of the earth, and reduced to powder with very little trouble;—some will moulder into powder by drying in the weather. The harder kind requires burning and slacking like lime, to make it fine enough for manure. In this state I am disposed to believe that it is peculiarly suited to cold, clayey, stiff soils. The fossil shells, large and small, and the marine shells on the sea-coast, of course require to be burned and slacked before they can be used as manure.

The following results were obtained from some of the specimens analysed—each one hundred grains:

	LIME.	MAGNESIA.	CLAY AND SAND.
Dr. P. G. Prioleau's, on Wassamasaw	50 grs.	40 grs.	6 grs.
Do., at Isaac Bradwell's	33	45	8
Isaac Bradwell's, on Four Holes,	50	28	10
J. J., near Inabnet's, on do.	19	63	11
John Brisbane's, Ashley river,	41	27	24
Do., High-land,	34	40	23
C. G. Capers, St. Helena Island,	38	25	28
J. J., Indian-field Creek,	30	30	35

Frederick Porcher, near the Santee Canal.

Mrs. Laurens, near Mepkin bridge.

Dr. P. G. Prioleau, near Biggin bridge; and several others not preserved.

The result is from twenty to fifty per ct. of lime, and from twenty-five to sixty-three per ct. of magnesia. If, as some believe, the magnesia is as valuable as the lime, in this earth as a manure, then may we account for its fine effects, for we have of the two united from sixty to ninety per ct. of active ingredients in the marl. Some have been discouraged from the use of marl, by observing that the stony lumps of hard marl have been for ages ploughed up in some fields that are still poor and unproductive. We believe that if these gentlemen would make the old negroes and children collect these stones, and either beat them as fine as brick dust, or burn them, so that they could be easily pulverized and intermixed with the soil, then the produce of their barren fields would be increased ten per cent. the first year, fifty per cent. the second year, and progressively increased every year to three hundred or four hundred per ct. beyond what they now obtain. It may be asked by some, What are they to do who cannot readily procure marl? We refer them to the analysis of marls, that they may obtain a substance as near as possible to the nature of marl. The marls of Europe and the North consist, almost entirely, of clay and lime, in various proportions, but generally about one-third of lime and two-thirds of clay. Marsh-mud is valuable because it contains both of these, although the lime is in small proportions. Add lime or dead shells to marsh-mud, and you make a very complete marl. Clay is found in vast quantities near all our sandy lands: if this alone were spread and intermixed, it would stiffen the soil, and enable it to retain the moisture which now passes rapidly through it and does but little good to the crop. Let some lime be added to this clay and you have marl. So also with the mud from ponds, creeks, swamps, bays, and branches, that run in or near to every field. If lime be added to these last, you not only have marl but decayed vegetable manure also.

Mr. Ruffin says, that two to three hundred bushels of marl to the

acre, thrown broad cast, is generally the best proportion. I obtained very satisfactory results from sixty and ninety bushels to the acre when put into the hills with the corn; the produce would probably have been greater, if I had increased the proportion of marl.

I think that Mr. Ruffin has fallen into one error, from his not being sufficiently acquainted with chemistry, an unfortunate error, as it excites doubts of all the benefits ascribed by him to lime. He gives the analysis of some lands which he says contain no lime whatever, and yet they are very productive and rich. If Mr. Ruffin would add with his own hands any quantity of sulphate of lime, or of oxalate of lime, to this very soil, the result would be the same, with the tests that he used. His tests cannot detect these preparations of lime, and yet they are believed to be the most powerful forms in which lime can be applied to vegetation. The effects of sulphate of lime, gypsum, or plaster of Paris, are well known, and it exists in many soils by a process of nature. So, no doubt, does the oxalate of lime, formed by the decomposition of oxalis (sorrels,) rumex (docks,) and other weeds growing luxuriantly on such lands, the acid of which unites to the lime wherever found, and then it can only be discovered after exposure to the heat.

Your most obedient servant,

JOS. JOHNSON.

*Charleston, April 2nd, 1840.*

I have reason to believe, that Calcareous Manures are this year used pretty extensively by five or six planters, and tried as experiments by as many more.

J. J.

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#### CARE OF HORSES.

THERE are a great many farmers who take but poor care of their horses in the winter season. In the short days they have water before dark, and then have to go without until nine or ten o'clock the next morning, or if they have water early in the morning, they will not usually drink, as their time of thirst is past. Horses seldom refuse water after they have eaten their evening meal, though if they do not have it then, they will usually drink but little the next morning until after eating. So if a horse will not drink early in the morning it is no indication that he has not been thirsty the previous evening.

We have been particular in our observations on this point. We have turned a horse out to drink at nine or ten o'clock in the evening, and seldom known him to fail of drinking heartily. Then for experiment we omitted to give him water at night, but attended to it in the morning before he was fed, and he would seldom drink. If it be best for animals to have free access to water at all times, as is generally allowed, then they ought surely to have a supply immediately after eating, when they are usually thirsty: though the superficial observer who finds that they will not drink early in the morning may think that all has been well.

There is not a man probably, who has not at times, been very much



in want of drink, and yet, without being able to obtain it, his thirst has gradually abated. In this case the juices from other parts of the body are, in a measure, put in requisition to supply moisture when it is wanted, so by an equalness the thirst is abated or done away, but there is a deficiency of moisture in the system—a drought less severe but more extensive, which, if experienced daily will prove unfavorable to health and strength: and in animals it will injure the growth of the young and operate against the fine, healthy condition of every creature. They must have water when they need it or they will not drink; like men, they do not eat and drink according to fashion and custom.

Some farmers will use their horses till they are warm and sweaty, and then put them up, perhaps in a cold barn, without covering them with anything to keep them warm; this evil is often greatly increased by allowing the horses to drink freely of water, while warm, in order to save the trouble of watering them after they have stood till cool; a great many horses suffer in this way, and some are ruined. For a man or beast to be inactive and exposed to cold after exercise and perspiration, is very destructive to health, and will destroy the strongest constitutions. Every man knows the importance of guarding himself against exposure to cold after perspiration, and how a drink of cold water, in this state, will send a chill through the whole frame. Though a man is not like a horse, he resembles him in his ability to do a great deal of labor with proper management, and in his liability to disease if his tender frame is not guarded with care.

It was observed in the Farmer some months ago that it was better for a horse to have a place in the winter where he could stand upon the manure, and walk round at ease, than to be confined to a stall and stand on a hard floor. But in this case, as the horse will generally stand in one place to eat, the manure will accumulate under his hind feet so that he will stand uneasy, unless it be levelled frequently so that it will be as high or higher under his fore feet.

Currying horses is very much neglected by some farmers. This operation is very important, as it contributes both to the pleasure and health of the animal. In some cases this business is hardly attended to, being performed only a few times in the course of the winter.

Many a farmer's horse that is now stupid and lazy, and of a miserable appearance, would, under the care of a good hostler, without extra keeping, become so changed in his appearance and spirits, in a few months, though performing the same amount of labor, that his owner would hardly know him.

[Yankee Farmer.]

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## BOILERS.

In some former numbers of the Farmers' Cabinet I have read essays on the subject of the advantages of boiling grain and roots for stock, which arrested my attention and induced me to examine some of the boilers which are in operation, and I find that they far exceed the expectation formed of them. Those who have erected them in a *proper*

manner and have brought them into use for cooking corn, oats, and potatoes, for hogs and cattle, would not be willing to part with them for three times their original cost. A farmer who has had one in use for some years, says that he is now sure his stock gets the whole of the grain, and what is of great consequence, it is all thoroughly digested. There is now no going to mill and giving away ten per cent. of the grain, besides the otherwise unavoidable waste which some allege amounts to about four per cent. more. He says, the feeding of cows with boiled oats is the most profitable application of it which he has ever made, for it puts marrow into their bones, and in the spring and summer the dairy maids draw it out in the shape of fine rich butter, which always brings a good price since these piping days of steam-boats and rail-roads which have set the whole world a travelling. Some have erected expensive structures for steaming, but it seems now to be admitted that a *simple boiler*, set in a proper manner in brick work with a grate underneath to support the fuel is the cheapest and best plan hitherto adopted. The demand for these boilers having increased has induced the manufacturers of them to improve them, and also to sell them at a less price than was formerly given for them, and recently a friend of mine purchased one of great beauty and excellence at a fair rate at No. — Market-street, Philadelphia, just below Second, on the north side; Dilworth I think is the name of the seller; those sold there are lighter and handsomer than any castings of the kind I have seen and come cheaper. Savery & Co. who are the founders, it is said, use the iron which is made at Lyman's furnace, Pottsville, with anthracite coal.

P,

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### THE GARDEN.

THERE are few things more certainly indicative of good taste and a cultivated mind, in an individual of any class, than a well laid out, and neatly managed ornamental tree and flower garden; and rarely indeed do we find a man who has any claims to the title of a good farmer, who does not also have a good vegetable garden. Such a garden is an appendage to every farm indispensable, and which will never be overlooked by the man who has any pretensions to economy. A garden is not less necessary for a mechanic, or a professional man, and the few hours that such men have to spare for exercise in the air, cannot be more profitably or pleasantly employed than in the labors the cultivation of such a spot requires. Few are aware who have never paid particular attention to the subject, of the actual profit every farmer receives from the half acre of land devoted to this purpose; or how much the health and comfort of a family is increased, where the fruits and vegetables of the garden are daily enjoyed. That there is much less attention paid to the garden than it should receive is evident to all, and we hope by frequent recurrence to the topic, to aid our agricultural friends, and others, in this pleasing part of rural economy.

The selection of ground for a garden, where the situation admits of choice, is the first thing to be attended to. Almost any ground, with

sufficient labor and expense, can be made productive and fertile; but the task of managing land naturally possessing these qualities, is altogether easier than that which is artificially so, and the expense of keeping it in good heart and condition much less. A soil that is what is usually called a rich loam will be found the best for a garden; not too light and porous, but having sufficient tenacity to prevent drouth, and sufficient permeability to prevent any water from standing on or near the surface. If the soil is naturally too heavy or wet, draining deep and fully must be resorted to, for in no place is stagnant water more fatal than in a garden. If the soil is not sufficiently friable and deep to furnish ample room for the roots of plants grown in a garden, it must be deepened by ploughing or spading, incorporating manure with the newly disturbed earth liberally, until the proper depth of soil is reached and secured. If it still is too tenacious, and inclining to settle after rains, as clayey soils are prone to, a covering of sand or fine gravel mixed with the native earth, will be found of essential service in correcting the evil; the quantity applied depending on the extent of the difficulty to be overcome.

The exposure of a garden is of very considerable consequence, and where every thing else is equal, a southern one is to be preferred. Our north, north-east, and north-west winds, are the most to be dreaded, as not only bringing frosts, but at a later period chilling the young plants, checking vegetation, and thus in many instances retarding the maturity or ripening of fruits and plants. A decided advantage will therefore be found in having gardens protected from these northern influences. Where convenient the ranges of out-buildings may be sometimes advantageously used for this purpose; where they cannot be so constructed or applied, closely planted fruit or forest trees will be found of essential service. Every one is aware how much warmer and earlier the earth is on the sunny side of a grove, in the spring months, than on the reverse, and it is this early warmth which is required, especially in northern latitudes, to bring forward and mature vegetation. Where trees are used for this protecting purpose, a border of evergreens will be the most effectual, and these can in ordinary cases be provided with but little expense. Independent of their value for protective purposes, such a bordering of properly arranged trees constitute quite an ornamental appendage to a farm, and it should be remembered that every tree planted by the farmer is money placed at compound interest.

During our winters much cannot be done to advance the labors of the gardener. But every preparation should be made by providing seeds of all the kinds it is intended to cultivate, having them properly labelled and arranged that there may be no unnecessary want or delay, when the fit time for planting arrives. Frames for melon hills, covering with glass, or with millinet, as intending for forcing the plants, or preserving them from insects, may also be provided; and where manure has to be brought from a distance, the winter will be found the best time for drawing it, and depositing it in piles to be spread when wanted.

Where there is considerable tenacity in the soil of a garden, a coat of manure applied in the fall, and the whole ploughed as deeply as possible, will be found to have a good effect, frost being one of the most efficient of pulverizers, and the manure becoming more thoroughly incorporated with the soil than when put on in the spring and planted upon at once, after being ploughed under. It is to be remembered



that depth, richness and fineness, are indispensable requisites in a garden soil; and every operation should have a tendency to produce these results.

A part of every garden should be so prepared that advantage may be taken of the earliest spring to put in such seeds as will not be affected by frosts, and which in this way may be grown much earlier than if delayed till the ordinary seasons of planting. Of these plants the most prominent in the farmer's garden are peas and lettuces, which may be planted as early as the state of the earth will admit.—Plants, too, which are intended for transplanting, such as the cabbage, and other tolerably hardy kinds, should be sown as early as is consistent with their safety.

With the progress of gardening and agriculture in the country, various improved methods of forwarding plants and hastening their maturity have been adopted with much success. Where the proper fixtures for hot-beds are not at hand, other modes of applying the artificial heat given out by fermenting manures, have been devised with the best results. Holes filled with manure, and the earth slightly raised upon it: mounds of considerable extent and height covered with sods and earth and planted upon or around, have been found serviceable, and are at the command of every farmer.

[Maine Cultivator.]

## FRUIT TREES.

Shame be to him who planteth not fruit trees.

THOSE who love good fruit should annually devote a small portion of their time to producing and perpetuating the trees that produce it. The apathy of many to this very interesting subject can scarcely be accounted for on any other principle than that of excessive laziness or extreme stupidity. Where the male portion of a family can't muster courage or industry enough to give reasonable attention to this important matter, it is hoped the *females* will look to it, and then the trees will soon begin to blossom and bring forth fruit, for I have seldom seen an intelligent, active female undertake any thing useful, without the fruits of her labors soon becoming apparent. I saw the present season a number of flourishing young fruit trees which were engrafted by the wife of the "good man" of the farm, reflecting great credit on her for her industry, perseverance, and skill as a cultivator of fruit trees.

The stones of peaches and plums, and the seeds of apples or other fruits should be planted either in drills, or in the places they are designed permanently to occupy before they become dry; they vegetate better and more certainly than when kept over winter to be planted in the spring. The right season to plant the stones or seeds is when the fruit is ripe, and it will be found they will more certainly vegetate and acquire a larger growth the first season.

Plant a few stocks each year, be careful to engraft or inoculate them when of proper size with the best varieties, protect them from the cows and horses till they grow out of their reach, and you will not have to complain of a lack of good fruit.

[Farmers' Cabinet.]

## TALES, SKETCHES, &C.

For the Southern Cabinet.

### ON LONG WINDEDNESS, AND ITS CONSEQUENCES.

SOME remarks were not long since offered to the public by the Editor of the National Gazette, upon the comparative dispatch of business in the British Parliament, and the American Congress; and he decided, upon very just grounds, we think, in favor of the superior methods and industry of the English Legislature.

He proposed as one means of inducing a greater attention to their duties on the part of our Representatives, that the *desks* at present attached to their seats in Congress, should be removed or *disallowed*; as it is well known, that they contrive to transact at these very convenient *bureaus*, nearly as much private, as public business, in the course of a session.

The measures thus suggested, appear to us, peculiarly recommendable and expedient, and promise some advantages, which the Editor of the Gazette has not adverted to, which render its adoption, not only highly desirable, but as we conceive, absolutely necessary. The public, we believe, are well aware, that whenever a member has the intention, and has "bent up faculties" to the terrible feat of making a *set speech*, this may generally be ascertained, and is in a manner announced beforehand to the House, by certain prognostics, with which it is but too fatally familiar, such as an unusual accumulation of *Notes, Books, Documents, &c.*, upon the desk of the orator, a frequent and ominous *hem* or clearing of the throat—and lastly, by the appearance of a copious supply of the true *pabulum of debate*, in the shape of a *vessel of water*, brought in by the Door-keeper of the House, and placed at his side. These formidable preparations never fail to be followed by a regularly arranged harangue, or *composed speech*, of interminable prolixity, volume and verbosity, of many hours, and often, of many days duration. The *desks* of the House, therefore, form, as will be seen, an important part of the machinery employed in the speech-grinding process, now brought to such dread perfection by our orators, and serve also, as a species of *conduits*, for conveying to the *exhausted receiver*, or fainting speaker, an inopportune supply of that deleterious and washy fluid, which has been noted through all time for its specific action upon the loquacious faculties, and above all, for its tendency to provoke contradiction—to *promote intemperance* in debate, and weaken the judgment of the deliberative body. The noxious article of furniture, then, which thus forms so important a *spoke* (a word which we unwillingly use, from the unpleasant associations which it calls up) in the orator's wheel; or which may be variously likened to a fountain playing through a *leadern spout*—a reservoir of gas—or lastly, a spinning-jenny; by the aid of which, the practised debater is enabled

to draw out a *yarn* of endless length and tenuity—this Pandora's box, we say, ought therefore, without any ceremony or delay, to be eliminated from the House, and cast into Tiber Creek—as by an ancient law of Athens, every stone, stick or brick-bat, which had been the means of injuring a citizen, in life, limb or property, was formally tried, condemned and hurled forth beyond the limits of the republic. This species of *retrenchment*, would, we are satisfied, have a salutary effect upon the oratory of the House; and tend greatly to abate the disputation and *evil speaking* to which its members are now so terribly given; while it might produce incidentally, a further benefit to the public, by operating as a discouragement to *Cabinet-making*—an art and craft, for which congressmen evince the same childish predilection, as a certain enlightened sovereign of Europe did, for the lofty employment of *moulding seal-wax*,\* in which he is said to have arrived at great proficiency and perfection. The water itself, which the desks thus conduct to every seat; being emphatically, the *beverage* of debate, and a necessary refreshment to the public speaker; its total ablation, or a rigid denial of its use to the members of the House, by which they would necessarily be *left dry*, and in a manner run aground—may be considered by many, as a somewhat harsh, if not unmerciful measure; while it might diminish rather too suddenly perhaps, in the present state of things; that *tide of eloquence*, which at stated periods, (viz., those fixed by the Constitution, for it has no other limits) overflows the capitol, inundates the newspapers, and spreads far and wide over the land. We must nevertheless say, that our aversion to this element, merely as a *part of speech*, and from the unpleasant associations which its inherent *fluency* and *expansive* tendency, naturally suggest, amounts to an uncompromising hostility, which we should suppose must be participated in, to a degree little short of hydrophobia, by every one who has ever had the misfortune of listening to, or reading a congressional debate, or who has any regard for his suffering country, or for the peace of the world. A proscription of this *thin potation*, seems indeed to be otherwise called for, from its evident effect, not only on the quantity, but the quality, of our congressional eloquence, which both in poverty and abundance, bears so close an analogy or resemblance to this flattest, and most insipid fluids—that something like a connection of cause and effect in the case, seems but too probable, and is in fact, plainly traceable. Mr. Walsh complains of members often absenting themselves during debate; (no wonder) and this even when questions of the greatest moment are under discussion, or pending before the House. We are not ourselves, however, much inclined to consider this an evil, or a practice very vehemently to be deprecated; as it unfortunately happens, that but too large a proportion of our enlightened Representatives, are much more out of place, in the House, than any where else. The absence of the body, being a much less evil, than the *absence of mind*, or want of talent, which they so often exhibit when at their posts; which they much more generally *run their heads against*, than fill, with honor to themselves, or advantage to their country. As the idle are apt to busy themselves.

\* The late Emperor of Austria is said to have been skilful in the manufacture of this article. When about signing the Treaty of Campo Formio, he was observed to pause, from a natural reluctance, as was supposed, to alienate, as he was obliged to do by that Treaty, a large portion of his hereditary dominions. The cause of his delay, however, was soon explained, by his inquiring, who made the sealing wax with which the instrument was sealed, which happened to be of a remarkably fine quality.



about the concerns of others, and are particular prone to take the public interests and *general welfare* under their special care and protection; we have propounded the foregoing views, in the hope that they may meet with attention in the proper quarters, and lead to the adoption of some stringent measure and effective plan, for reforming the oratory of the great council of the nation, and correcting the prosing habits of its members—whose services, whatever estimate they may themselves put upon them, are not, we apprehend, of such *unspeakable* importance, as to render an interference with their privileges, or with that wide license of debate, which they at present assume—either treason to the people, or an invasion of their imprescriptable rights. The custom that prevails in the British Parliament, of *coughing down* those speakers who unnecessarily consume the public time, by protracted harangues, appears to be approved of by Mr. Walsh, while it is seriously reprehended by the Editor of the National Intelligencer, as savouring too much of boisterousness, and indecorum. We confess we are rather inclined to think with Mr. Gales, that *coughing* and *scraping*, as parliamentary methods for restraining loquacious speakers, would scarcely answer in so pugnacious an assembly, and in the case of so important a *busy Body*, as Congress. Our orators besides, so far surpass those of England in *wind*, or as Jockies phrase it, *bottom*, that much disorder and confusion would probably be occasioned by any attempt to introduce a check of this kind, or to naturalize this strangulating and arbitrary custom among us. If, as we have seen to be the case, from the statements of Dr. Ware, referred to at the commencement of these remarks—there are those, who will even go the *length* of talking themselves into a consumption, and speak until they *spit blood*, and bring on Asthma and Hoemptesis, as if resolved to spend their last breath in the public service. We much fear, that the *coughing of others* would prove little efficacious towards restraining such desperately disposed prozers within the limits of a reasonable brevity. In the first place, those who might endeavor to affect this purpose, would probably have to cough themselves into a consumption, before they could succeed in obtaining the desired object—in the next, an *abuse of privilege* would undoubtedly sometimes be the result, that might lead to the mutilation, if not to the destruction, of many a fair column of debate, though it might greatly abridge the trouble and perplexity of the Editor of the Globe, on whom the mechanical labor devolves, of *setting up* (to use a printing phrase) these massy supports and ornaments of the Elephantine Temple of American eloquence, which in their *flatness* and *length*, and the *strange writing* which they exhibit, bear, it must be confessed, a much nearer resemblance to Egyptian Obelisks, than Corinthian columns. In the army of the great Frederick, a certain standard of height was established, so that no soldier was enlisted or admitted into its ranks, who fell even a line below this fixed measure. It appears to us, that a similar principle might be introduced with great advantage into Congress, and our other legislative bodies—only with the reversal of its application—that the *shorter* the orator, or in other words, the more brief his style, and habit of expression, the more welcome should be his reception, and the more ready his introduction, into the ranks of the great representative army, which the people and necessary to keep on foot, for their safety. We cannot but think it also advisable, that the term *question*, should be banished from the technical language of the House, as it seems evidently, to be always taken in a literal sense by its members, as chal-

lenging a *reply* from some one or other, whatever may be the nature of the subject to which it is applied; so that it is not uncommon for the proposer of a measure to find himself *answered*, when he had neither intended to do or assert any thing calculated to elicit controversy. An unoffending member, therefore, is not unfrequently placed in the predicament of the unfortunate French writer, who, having thought it wisest to pass over an attack made upon him by an empty and impertinent scribbler, as the only mode of avoiding a controversy with an antagonist, whom he deemed unworthy of his notice, was not a little dismayed and *flabbergasted* by the appearance, soon after, of another *Brochure*, entitled, "*An Answer to the Silence of Mons. Le Blanc*:" his persevering assailant having chosen to interpret his forbearance, in various perverse ways, to his no small mortification, and renewed annoyance. Another cardinal regulation, which seems called for by every consideration of public economy, is that of assigning some definite limit to the range of discussion, either by a positive enactment on the subject, or by requiring that every member who shall trespass upon the time of the House, beyond the period allowed him by law, shall be subject to a fine of such an amount, as may be calculated to restrain him within reasonable bounds; or in other words, shall *speak at his own expense*, instead of being paid, as he now is, for holding forth with an empty head, to empty stomachs, and thinning benches, and "rending the region" with false rhetoric, inconclusive reasoning, and wild declamation. It will be admitted as a general rule, that the readiest way of influencing the minds of men, is to address ourselves directly to their notions of self interest. If then, as we have suggested, every member, after being allowed a reasonable and sufficient time to express himself upon a question, were made to *pay for every thing he said* beyond the prescribed limits—there can be little dubiety, we think, as to the effect which such a rule would have upon his habits of calculation; for we are satisfied, there are but few among our time wasting, but penny-wise legislators, who would not, with the fear of such a rule before his eyes, soon become a proficient, in at least one branch of political economy—and who would not willingly forego a display, and suppress a thousand fine flourishes, rather *than lose a hundred dollars on a speech*, or even the one half of that sum.\* With respect to the oratorial standard to be adopted, we conceive that a *column* of the *Globe*, or of the official paper of the day, would afford a space amply sufficient for all the purposes of discussion and legislation. We would therefore recommend, that this *measure* be authoritatively prescribed for the observance of members. An advantage attending this *gag* of *speech*, would be, that members, instead of peragrating, as they are now in the habit of doing, when once upon their legs, "from China to Peru," would more frequently come out in *solid column*, and would be likely to gain in strength, exactly in proportion as they lost in bulk. With respect to the dispositions of the fines which might be collected in this way, (for there is no doubt that there would still be many who would wilfully endanger

\* The notions, however, of members themselves, lean rather to an increase of their compensation, as a measure due to their merits and services. But though the burning desire which usually actuates a Representative to shew to the world, that he is not a mere wooden member of the House, but that he has, as the common phrase goes, *something to say for himself*, is perhaps both allowable and praiseworthy; this soaring ambition was carried, as it appears to us, a little too far by those, who not a great many sessions back, both spoke and voted in favor of a bill to raise their own daily pay.

their estates, and incur even death and bankruptcy, sooner than forego an opportunity of delivering, or rather inflicting, a *speech*, upon whoever they could get to listen to it) we think that they ought of right, and also as a matter of policy, to be transmitted to the *Deaf and Dumb Asylum* of Philadelphia, or divided among any similar institutions that may exist elsewhere. The disposal of the money in this way, would, we think, be happily calculated to produce a twofold moral effect, by operating as a check and lesson to those *who talk too much*, and a support and encouragement to those *who do not talk at all*. That I may not, Mr. Editor, fall into the fault I have been reprehending, and become tedious and long-winded, I will here conclude for the present, these very desultory remarks.

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### A TALE OF THE MORGUE.

BY EDWARD MATHREW.

THE streets of Paris after midnight are, at best, no very pleasant quarters; but on the 15th of February they were even less agreeable than usual. It was a most awful night. The fierce black firmament whooped and grinned ghastfully as it spat its lightning over the earth, and the wind scampered along, raving like a mad thing. Not a sound reigned in the deserted streets, saving the roar of the contending elements. At one time the ear caught only the sputtering of the rain against the window-panes; at another, this was stilled in the wild howl of the blast; and anon nothing was heard but the deafening thunder crashing through the skies, loud, startling, and awful as the dread peal of the last trump.

Late on this terrible night, in the antiquated *salon* of an ancient mansion in the Faubourg St. Germain, sat an old man, who by his looks numbered some three-score years and odd. The few hairs which the meddling fingers of Time had left unplucked on his head, were hoary with the frost of age; while in his face the same busy hand, or the rougher one of Care, had scored many a deep and sorrowful wrinkle. It was evident by the stripes of riband decorating his coat, that he was one of no mean rank in his country. A book lay open on the table before him, but matter of a more important and less pleasing character than its pages seemed to engross his mind; for his eyes were abstractedly fixed on the fire, his brows were knitted closely together, his face was half buried in his hands, and occasionally certain indistinct and angry mutterings burst from his lips.

The clock on the mantel-piece, tinkling the hour of four, aroused the old man from his reverie. He started wildly from his chair, and rapidly pacing the apartment, exclaimed—"Four!—four! and he still absent!—Yes! now it *must be* as I feared. What else could detain him till such an hour?—and on such a night, too! Ay! it is too plain—too glaring to be mistaken. He is—O God!—*is* what I would sooner that he died than ever lived to be."



The old man stood still, and covered his face with his hands for a while. Presently he again burst forth—

"I have long suspected it. The late hour at which he has returned home for many nights hinted as much to me. And to-night—this terrible night, when all hell appears to have broken loose, and to be rejoicing over his perdition, assures me of the fact. My son!—my only son!"

And the aged man sank upon the sofa in a paroxysm of despair. His feelings were, however, far too fierce and poignant to allow him to rest.

"There is *but* one—one stern and most humiliating way to be pursued to save my boy from toppling headlong down the dread abyss, on whose brink he now stands unconsciously tottering. But it must—ay! and though the heavy task crush me, it shall be done—anything rather than live to look upon my soon debased to that basest of all base creatures, a ——"

A loud knock at the outer door of the house cut short the old man's speech. His limbs trembled as if palsied, and tottering towards his chair, he exclaimed in a faint voice, "Tis he! 'tis he!"

The door of the *salon* opening, ushered into the apartment a youth, rich with the bounty of some twenty summers. He was evidently the old man's son, and betrayed on entering not a little surprise to find his aged parent occupying the room at such an hour.

"What has made you thus late, Alphonse?" inquired his father, as he motioned the young man to be seated.

"I was with some friends, sir," he replied.

"*Friends!*" sarcastically exclaimed the Count. Oh, most goodly *friends!*—most staunch *friends!*—most disinterested and infallible *friends!*—I'd stake my life upon their fealty. Wouldn't *you*, Alphonse?"

"I do not comprehend you, sir," said his son.

"Not comprehend me! How should you, boy, when I speak upon so incomprehensible a subject as the friendship of your last night's companions? Come tell me now, good Alphonse, where were you all last night?"

"I told you before, sir," replied the young man, evidently vexed at being thus doubted, "at the house of a friend."

"At the house of the devil, sir," vehemently retorted his father, "where, doubtless, you were taught to lie thus unblushingly."

"I lie not," exclaimed the youth.

"Then, sir, if you do not," responded the Count, it is because you have of late become so intimate with the dark fiend that you are justified in calling *him* your friend. For to your face I tell you, that at his house and among his emissaries, you squandered away last night."

"I do not understand your meaning, M. le Comte," returned Alphonse.

"Well, sir, since you will be so unlearned in matters of this sort, and needs must have a translation of the sentence, I'll give you one—you passed last night at the gaming table."

"I—sir—I at the gaming table?" stammered out the young man.

His father remained silent for a while, and then said in a solemn tone, "Now, on your honor—on your soul, sir, did you not spend last night at the gaming-house?"

Alphonse hung down his head with evident remorse, and replied in a faint voice, "I did, sir."

"And you won?"

"Yes."

"What?"

"This," responded the youth, drawing from under his cloak a little sack of money, and handing it to his father.

"And so these are the wages of your last night's turpitude!" exclaimed the Count, as he took the bag and made the coin jingle within it. "Upon my word, a goodly heavy sum—almost as heavy as the hearts of those from whom you won it. Let's see how much it makes."

And the aged man proceeded to empty the money upon the table, and to reckon the amount.

"So, five thousand francs, sir," said he, when he had finished the task. "And these, you say sir, are your winnings?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then, sir, you do not say the truth."

"Heaven is witness that you do me wrong," cried Alphonse.

"Heaven is witness that I do no such thing," exclaimed the Count; "for heaven knows that nothing can come of gaming but perdition—that so deeply hath the dark fiend schemed, that what you think you win is but a sop to whet the greedy player's appetite,—a bribe to tempt the mercenary fool to rashness, craftily making the largest gains the heaviest losses. And so I tell you, sir, that these pieces, which you ignorantly call your *winnings*, are but a sum lent you by the devil, who shall in time exact an interest so usurious for the loan, that house, lands, fortune, honor, peace of mind—all shall go to liquidate the debt. With what different eyes," continued he, gazing at the specie laid out on the table before him, "do we behold money differently got! How beautiful appear the bright wages of honest industry! How each small coin seems to glisten with a proud and almost conscious chastity! With what a different aspect do these damned evil-gotten pieces strike upon mine eyes! The very whiteness, which before appeared so beautiful in them, assumes the loathsome pale and sickly hue of some most vile disease. But it shall taint no house of mine. To some poor wretched vagrant the money may prove a god-send; but here it can but breed *damnation*."

And so saying, the old man hustled the pieces back into the bag, opened the window, and cast them into the street, exclaiming—"Away with thee! thou sickly-looking and infectious dross!—away!"

"I am now going to tell you, Alphonse," proceeded the Count, when he had reseated himself, "a story which never yet has jarred mortal ear,—a story so beset with the sharp and poignant evils of the gaming-table, that if it do not tear the wild infatuation from your heart, why then, indeed, the vile hag Avarice has glared her evil eye upon you, and indelibly marked you for her own.

"It is now," said the aged man, after a few moment's deliberation, "about fifty-six years, since I,—like you now, Alphonse,—young, thoughtless, reckless, the menial of my passions, a slave of Avarice, the lackey of Vice, betook myself to one of Chance's dens.

"I will not attempt to describe to you the wild and savage-looking animals I there saw, chained by infatuation to the spot. The ravenous tiger glares not at its prey with a more intense and angry eye than they did the cards, and that tiger springs not with a more gluttonous fury on its food than they upon their winnings. But there was one among this ghastly group, whose innocent expression of countenance stood out in strong contrast to the fiend-like faces of those around him. It required

no great penetration to perceive that he was a stranger to the scene. His unruffled brow, his laughing eye, his smiling lip, all told you than the jaundice of distempered avarice rankled not in him. You had but to observe the happy, placid cast of that young man's countenance, and then to fix your eyes upon the haggard, care-worn features of those around, to perceive in what deep and legible characters Time cuts 'gambler' on the face.

"Well, I saw how little versed was this some youth in all the subtle mysteries of play; and shall I tell you what it came into my head to do? Oh no! no! I cannot, dare not make myself out to you the foul black villian I that night became. I cannot with my own hands pluck from out your heart all that respect and all that love (for the one must come away with the other) which a father most delights to husband in his child. And yet what would not a father brave to save that child from such a fate! Alphonse, I will tell you what it came into my head to do; and oh! let it make you shudder to behold the abject depth of the precipice upon whose crazy brink you have of late been carelessly sporting. It was this: to lead that young man on to play, and so—ay! let me out with it, for such it literally was—rob him of his money.

"It needed not much art to win the boy to the first part of my plans. The golden eye of the serpent had beamed upon him in all its overpowering brightness, and he had become fascinated with its looks.

"We sat down to play.

"You may readily conceive that, having stooped thus much to infamy, I scrupled not to descend to the stale and wily trick of tickling my poor dupe with the winnings of the first few games; and I could perceive, when once he tasted of the gaming-table's savoury food, his relish for it soon became most keen and gluttonous.

"Well, we played, and played, and played again, each *coup* at length producing but another golden crop for me to reap, until in time the petty remnant left him of a thousand francs, were staked upon the ensuing game. The cards were dealt—the old thing followed—the sum was mine.

"'Damnation!' shrieked the youth, striking his forehead with his clenched fists in violent despair.

"'Nay, never let it vex you thus!' I exclaimed. 'Try another *coup*. The goddess fortune is but a jilting jade at best; and who knows but the very next game she may bestow her smiles on you.'

"'I have no more money,' he cried. 'You have taken all—all—all!' And, stung with the thought, he started wildly from his chair, and hurried off to another quarter of the room.

"He had but avoided Scylla to be drawn into Charybdis.

"Close to where he tarried sat two of Chance's devoutest bigots, sacrificing most largely to their blind and senseless idol. Such was their superstitious zeal, they scrupled not to risk five hundred francs upon the game. I marked the steadfast eager eye with which the young man dogged their play through all its oscillations; nor when he saw the winner clutch his gains was the tough struggle that evidently then took place within his mind lost to my observation.

"He was too weak to wrestle with the sturdy devil that I plainly perceived was tussling with his heart.

"He returned, and we sat down again to play,—not for the dribblets we before had done, but for rich and lusty prizes. He had two thousand



francs still left. In three games, fifteen hundred of that sum were mine. With a desperate hand he cast his last five hundred on the board. We played again, and as we did so I could see the cards tremble in his hand. "He lost!"

"Oh! never, never shall I forget the intense and frantic glare he then fixed upon me. 'Demon!' he shouted with a ghastly grin, and springing from his seat, dashed like a furious maniac from the room.

"By the morrow," continued the Count, "all recollection of the above scene had flitted, like breath upon a mirror, from the surface of my mind, and I rose in the morning with even a lighter heart than usual, gladdened, no doubt, at the increased preponderance of my purse.

"I stood engaged that day to escort a young country friend to some of the far-famed sights of Paris. He came, and we sat out to view the venerable fane of Notre Dame. Crossing the Pont Neuf on our way thither, I said,

"*Apropos*, Pierre, there is one place peculiar to our city, which you have not yet seen.'

"*Eh bien!*" returned my companion, who loved to crack a joke almost as much as to crack a bottle. 'And which is that, pray? *La Bastille!*—for if so, I can assure you I have no wish to take other than a *superficial* view of it.'

"*Parbleu!* Nor would you, Pierre,' I replied, laughing at this jest, 'desire to be any more intimately acquainted, I believe, with the quarter to which I allude, it being none other than the asylum for those ill-starred ladies and gentlemen who may have gone, or perchance been sent, on an aquatic excursion to the other world,—*La Morgue!*'

"Chuckling loud and deep over such like jests, we approached the solemn object of our inhuman mirth: a swarm of people pressed around the building. Eager to learn the cause of the assemblage, I wormed my way into the middle of the throng. Upon the step of the door sat an aged woman weeping most miserably; her grey hair streamed all wild about her cheeks, her face was buried in her hands, and through her skinny fingers oozed her tears, while deep and frequent moans burst from her breast. It was evidently no slight blast that had thus stricken the poor old creature down. In my heart I pitied her. I inquired of the persons around the cause of her distress. It was something about her son, they thought; for occasionally she would wring her hands, they said, and cry, 'My boy!—my poor, loved boy!'

"What grieves you thus sorely, my good woman?' I compassionately accosted her.

"My son!—my dear, dear son!' she sorrowfully replied.

"What of your son?' I returned.

"Oh, sir, they have butchered him, and then thrown him like a dog into the river. Yes, I am sure—too, too wretchedly sure of it!"

"And the poor old creature sobbed again at the thought as if her heart were like to break.

"And what should make you thus sure, my dear madam?' I continued, when she had in a measure recomposed herself.

"My God! has he not been absent all this long, long, long night from home!' she exclaimed.

"Well, my good woman,' I said, 'if that be your only ground of suspicion, dry up your tears; for depend upon it you have little cause for fear.'

"'Would—would to Heaven I had!' she energetically cried. 'But, no! he was too good—too tender—too kind-hearted, to allow his poor old mother to minute out one entire, vast, interminable night in anxious watchings for her son's return. Ah, sir! had you but known him half as well as we, you would have been as ready as myself to swear that, had they but left him life enough to stagger to the door, most willingly would he have tottered home to his dear sister Blanche and me.'

"'Yes, my dear woman,' I replied, endeavouring to banter her out of her grief, 'I have no doubt but that your son was a most exemplary young man; but being a man, and not absolutely a saint, it is but natural to suppose that he was not utterly insensible to the charms of the fair sex; and, though I cannot but believe that were he dying in reality, he would have behaved in the noble manner which you have stated, still I imagine that were he only dying in love instead, his conduct would have been materially different, and that then, like the poor bird with the snake, he would have remained spell-bound—for a night at least—by the witchery of the bright eye that had fascinated him.'

"'Oh no!' she exclaimed with all a mother's ardour, 'my Eugene was not like other boys. He was too good a son—too fond a brother to prefer other roofs to that which sheltered us. So long as our eyes were not bedimmed with tears he was contented to his heart's content. His whole heart was riveted to his poor sister Blanche and me.'

"'And the tears gushed in torrents again from the poor old creature's eyes.

"'But,' said I, 'have you any other reason for suspecting such to be the case!'

"'Oh yes, sir!' she replied, 'he was laden with a large—to us a very large sum of money. It was his quarter's earning, and all we had to scare starvation from the door for the next three months—for it was but by the toil of his generous hand his poor sick sister and myself were enabled to exist. But he is gone—gone! They have robbed—they have murdered my poor dear boy!'

"'Nay—nay! my good woman,' I responded, 'do not distress yourself thus. Depend upon it, if these be our only grounds for fear all may yet be well, and most likely upon your return home you may find your lost son there.'

"'Never—never, I am well assured, shall I behold him there alive again. No, there,' she cried, pointing to the interior of the Morgue, 'there is the only place where I can find him now.'

"'How know you? Have you seen him?' I inquired.

"'Seen him!' she shudderingly exclaimed. 'Oh, never could I bring myself to look upon his dear corpse, through those iron bars, laid out. Perhaps, too, to see a deep gash cut in his fair flesh, or, may be, to behold a large hole battered in his skull, and his sweet golden hair all daubed and matted with his blood. No—no! never could I bring myself to look upon him there. And, that he is there, oh, heaven! how wretchedly assured am I.'

"'Would you,' I inquired, 'that I go in and see?'

"'Oh, if you would,' she impassionately cried, 'my thanks—my best, eternal thanks, sir, should be yours.'

"I turned the lock. The door creaked ominously as it opened. With a slam that made the still place shudder again, it closed after me. I stood within the hall of death.

"How exquisitely, how ineffably awful, is it to be among the dead! With what a ponderous, suffocating horror, weighs the intense and leaden stillness of the scene upon the shrinking heart. Fearful as is the stunning clamour of the thunder, yet it speaks not to the mind with one half the mighty and appalling energy of the stark silence of hushed life.

"I stood overcome with the profound tranquillity that reigned around. Not a sound startled the solemn quietude of the grim abode. I stood as it were paralysed. Presently the recollection of the poor old being I had left waiting in acute suspense the issue of my errand came rushing on my brain.

"I cast a hurried glance along the cold, stiff remnants of mortality that there lay petrified, as it were, in death, and saw,—O God! O God! How can I tell you *what* I saw? Language however nervous,—thought however vivid, could never express—could never conceive the ghastly horror of that sight. Like a thunderbolt then dashed the recollection of each vile act upon my mind. The devilish plot I laid to gull the poor boy of his money; the fiend-like glee with which I gloried in his every step towards perdition; the desperate, frenzied look he fixed upon me when I had dragged him there; and, O just heaven! the last awful epithet, 'DEMON!' he flung at me at parting; and then—the abject wretch that I was!—the filthy and inhuman jests with which I had approached his dismal resting place,—all rose with torture into my mind.

"See!—see, Alphonse!—O, see what an absorbing whirlpool is this vice. But once allow yourself to sport upon the stream, who can say but that you, like I, may be sucked imperceptibly into its very vortex, and be for ever ingulphed—ay, and many innocent beings with you, as with me—in unfathomable grief. Here had I been doing what a thousand others had done before me—what you yourself have done this very night, Alphonse,—'indulging in the social game,' as it is called; and look—O, look to what a woful and appalling end it led. There sat an aged mother, writhing with affliction, robbed of her darling son, stripped of her peace, plundered of the prop that formed at once the pride and pillar of her tottering age. There stood a poor sick sister, the bitter pangs of illness raging in her breast embittered with the still bitterer pangs of grief; the brother whose sympathy was wont to lull her deepest sufferings, whose magic love made even her poor life precious in her eyes, snatched—irredeemably snatched from her, and she left to linger in a lonely wilderness of life. And there—there before my eyes—in that disgusting den of death, upon his wretched marble bed, his hands clenched, as if in vengeance on my head, and grinning most ghastly and most savage, lay all that remained of a loving son, a doting brother, the support and solace of his family, and—wretch that I was—MY—MY VICTIM!

"I rushed madly from out the fell abode. The poor old woman still sat upon the step. She seized me by the arm as I came out, and coned most eagerly my looks. The wretched tidings were too plainly written in my pale face for her to fail to read them.

"'Ah!' she exclaimed, 'I see it *is* as I suspected. Well—well!' she added, raising her eyes to heaven. 'Hard and inscrutable though it be, God's will be done!'

"At length I enticed the sad old creature to her home. I will not eiaborate this doleful history by describing to you, Alphonse, the devas-



tating flood of woe that overwhelmed the poor youth's feeble sister when first she heard the fatal news. For such a death to such a brother the hardest heart might feel. Judge, then, how such a sister as the tender-hearted Blanche felt; and judge with what compunctious smartings did each of the maiden's tears sting my heart. The poor old mother saw my anguish, and thanked me for my '*kind commiseration*.'—for little did she deem mine was the hand that desolated all her home. I strove, as well as I was able at that moment, to allay the wretched couple's grief. I told them I was glad I had it in my power to supply, in one respect at least, the place of their Eugene, and I assured them it should be owing to no want of zeal in me if Time did not enable me to do so in all other regards towards them. Again they thanked me for my '*sympathy*,' and said they feared they must on one account encroach upon my kindness. I begged them to rely on my desire to serve them.

"The favour, then," replied the aged mother, 'we would ask of '*le bon monsieur*,' is this. The only being in this crowded city whom we poor '*paysannes*,' could call our friend now, as you know, lies in the Morgue; and I am sure that, for the power Blanche or I could have to rescue his dear corpse from that horrid place, there must he remain. But, may be you, in your goodness, sir, will not refuse to save our poor Eugene from such a fate.

As you may readily imagine, it required no slight self-denial on my part to promise to revisit that abominable den of death, still I could not find it in my heart to say the poor old creature nay,—so I consented.

It was not long afterwards before I stood once more upon the threshold of the fatal building. In order to reach the keeper's house it was necessary for me to pass along the hall where lay the ghastly relics of my poor young victim. I need not explain to you the haste with which I hurried through the dismal place. On being conducted to the keeper, I described to him the body which I told him I had come to claim. He inquired of me the young man's Christian name.

"Eugene," I replied: 'but, pray, Monsieur,' I added, 'allow me to ask what should make you put the question?'

"A letter, sir, he returned, 'was found upon the young man, signed with his *nom de Baptême*, and it was but to ascertain the justice of your claim that prompted me to make the inquiry.'

"I soon satisfied the Governor's doubts upon that head, and having arranged that the body was to await my disposal, I hurried from the place with the poor youth's farewell letter in my hand.

"You can easily conceive how much I longed for some retired spot wherein to read the melancholy document. At length I reached the Tuileries. I plunged into the middle of the groves, and tearing open the billet, read what while memory lingers in this brain, can never be erased from out my mind. It ran as follows:

"Farewell—a long farewell to you, beloved mother! and, oh! farewell—a long farewell to you, my darling Blanche! I write to you from the borders of eternity. Oh! my dear—dear Blanche! and, oh! my still dearer mother! I have been happy with you—have I not?—in want I could have been happy with you—that I could, proud as I am—in beggary. But, ah! I cannot bear to look upon you in disgrace.

"I know you will be at a loss to divine how I, who ever loathed vice from the very depths of my heart, could to-night have got infected by the

corruption: how I, who never loved the filthy dross of the world but for the little comforts it bestowed on you could ever have fallen a prey to avarice. I will tell you.

"You know young Adolphe Sebron, my fellow clerk, and how I used to wonder how he—who I was well aware received but the same small salary as myself,—contrived to live in all the luxury he did. Well, the other day I ventured to hint as much to him. He said he would be candid with me, and confess it was by play; and taking from his desk a heavy bag of money, told me they were his winnings of the previous night. There must have been three thousand francs at least. The sight sunk deep into my heart. I thought how happy and how comfortable you could be were I to meet with a similar turn of luck.

"The next day I was to receive my quarter's salary. No sooner was the money in my hands than I resolved to go that very night, and offer up the hard got little sum at Fortune's shrine.

"How can I describe to you, dear mother, the blaze of light, of beauty, and of riches, that there flashed upon my eyes? Suffice it: there was gold, glittering, fascinating gold—gold, the *ignis fatuus* of this benighted world,—gold, the apple of man's eye,—lying in ravishing profusion about the place; nor were there wanting—to consummate the wily scheme—the bright-eyed and insinuating daughters of Eve, to coax men on as of old to taste the damning fruit.

"What wonder, then, that I, who had never seen, had never dreamt of anything half as gorgeous, should have been gulled by the glowing baits around me, or that, bewildered with the dazzling sight, I should have allowed myself to be inveigled into play.

"I need not tell you that at the beginning I was most timid and most cautious at the game. However, I won the first few stakes, and grew more venturesome, played higher and higher on each fresh coup, while each new game served only to increase my already bulky gains. But the tables at length were turned, and Misfortune, with its attendant, Desperation, pressed hard upon me. I lost, and lost, and lost again, until at last I started from my chair, deprived of the only means we had to eke existence out for the next three months—a very beggar.

"Starvation I could have suffered by myself without a groan; but to see you in your old age, my dearest mother, and you in your youth, my poor, loved Blanche, writhing with the pangs of excruciating want,—to perceive you dragged slowly from me by the iron hand of hunger to the tomb, would have been maddening—would have been intolerable.

"Racked by such thoughts I stopped unwittingly before a table where sat two of Chance's sternest fanatics worshipping their senseless idol. They had staked five hundred francs upon the game. I watched their play to the end, and when I saw the winner grasp his heavy gains, I thought it wanted but one such stroke of luck to retrieve my lost fortune. The idea was too strong for my weak soul to wrestle with, and—O mother! mother!—I hardly dare to tell you what it pushed me on to do. But I was mad—desperately mad!—overwhelmed with ruin, and, like one drowning, ready to catch at any straw before me.

"I had two thousand francs of my master's in my pocket, and can you believe it—oh, no! no! you never can believe that I,—I whom you, from my very cradle, toiled to teach that honesty could make the poor man the rich man's peer, could so abuse your care as to appropriate those two thousand francs to my own accursed purposes. But I was

crazed with desperation,—blinded with the glare of ruin, and I knew not what I did; and so, like an idiot, like a villain, with my master's money in my hand, I went, and gamed once more.

"I cast five hundred of the sum upon the table. We played. I lost. A second five hundred strewed the board. Again we played. Again I lost. A third five hundred backed the ensuing game. Once more we played. Once more I lost. The fourth, the last five hundred, with a desperate hand I flung into the pool. One other time we played. One other time I lost. My only hope was gone! Ruin stared me in the face!

"Frenzied with my fate, I rushed from out the place. But, where to go? Ah! where? Home?—never! I dare not show my guilty face to *you*. To the country?—pshaw! let me fly to the remotest spot of earth, will not Rumour, with her hundred tongues, be sure to hunt me out. No—no! there is *but one* safe, quiet place of refuge for me now, and that is the grave—the silent grave!

"Death—inextricable, eternal Death, then, is my stern resolve. One other half-hour, and this breathing form will be a lifeless mass. And yet, great God! what agony—what bitter racking agony is it to rend—irreparably rend asunder all the tender ties that bind us to this poor existence—to say 'farewell' for ever and ever to all the darling beings that make this paltry life most precious to our hearts, Oh! my dear mother! my loved—my much loved Blanche, how does my poor soul writhe again to leave ye, *ye*! its only care, its only joy, its only glimpse of heaven, and, moreover, to leave ye *thus*! But there is no alternative. It must—it must be done. So farewell! for ever fare ye well!—EUGENE."

The aged Count could say no more. Sorrow, deep, overwhelming sorrow, stifled his discourse. The tears trickled quickly down his furrowed cheeks, and loud and fast the sobs came gurgling from his breast. He struggled violently to overcome the sturdy anguish, and, at length (still sobbing between each word) resumed his doleful tale.

"What my feelings were after reading this wretched letter, human tongue can never disclose, nor human mind conceive. Suffice it. Let the strong grief that now almost suffocates me at the mere remembrance of the thing, give you some faint idea of the rigid agony I must have then endured. At first I thought to follow my poor victim to the tomb; but deliberation bade me live, and by repentance—deep and absorbing repentance—strive to expunge, if possible, the crime from out my soul.

"Such has ever been the steadfast, anxious object of my life. Not an ear but thine, not even his mother's, has ever listened to the melancholy history of that young man's death. Many, and most bitter have been the tears which I have shed over his grave. His mother, who ever believed her darling son had fallen by some robber's hand, I made my strictest care while living; and when she died—she died beseeching blessings on my head. His sister, Blanche, I spared no means of mine to cure of her disease, and ultimately made her partner of my rank and fortune. My whole days have I devoted to charity, and prayers for the soul of poor Eugene, and I trust by a few more years of rigid penitence yet to be able, ere I die, to atone for all.

"And, now," emphatically added the sorrowful old Count, "I pray you let this be a warning to you, young man. Hoard it in your heart; and, when you think again of play, remember—oh! remember, **THE TALE OF THE MORGUE!**"



## THE INFANT'S DREAM.

Oh ! cradle me on thy knee, mamma,  
And sing me the holy strain  
That soothed me last as you fondly prest  
My glowing cheek to your soft white breast ;  
For I saw a sight as you sung me to rest,  
That I fain would see again.

And smile as you then did smile mamma,  
And weep as you then did weep ;  
Then fix on me thy glist'ning eye,  
And gaze, and gaze, till the tear be dry ;  
Then rock me gently, and sing and sigh,  
Till you lull me fast asleep.

For I dream'd a heavenly dream, mamma,  
While slumbering on thy knee,  
And I lived in a land where forms divine  
In kingdoms of glory eternally shine,  
And the world I'd give, if the world were mine.  
Again that land to see.

I fancied me roam'd in a wood, mamma,  
And we rested us under a bough ;  
Then near me a butterfly fluttered in pride,  
And I chased it away through the forest wide,  
And the night came on, and I lost my guide,  
And I knew not what to do.

My heart grew sick with fear, mamma,  
And I loudly wept for thee ;  
But a white robed maiden appeared in the air,  
And she flung back the curls of her golden hair,  
And she kissed me so softly ere I was aware,  
Saying " come pretty babe with me."

My tears and fears she beguiled, mamma,  
And she led me far away ;  
We enter'd the door of the dark, dark tomb ;  
We passed through a long, long vault of gloom,  
Then opened our eyes to a land of bloom,  
And a sky of endless day.

And heavenly forms were there mamma,  
And lovely cherubs bright ;  
They smiled when they saw me, but I was amaz'd,  
And wondering, around me I gazed and gazed ;  
And songs I heard, and sunny beams blazed—  
All glorious in the land of light.

But soon came a shining throng, mamma,  
Of white wing'd babes to me ;  
Their eyes looked love, and their sweet lips smil'd,  
And they marvelled to meet with an earth born child,  
And they gloried that I from earth was exiled,  
Saying—" Here love, thou blest shall be."

Then I mixed with the heavenly throng, mamma,  
With cherub and seraphim fair ;  
And saw, as I roam'd, the regions of peace,  
The spirits which came from this world of distress,  
And theirs was the joy no tongue can express,  
For they know no sorrow there.

Do you mind when sister Jane, mamma,  
Lay dead a short time ago ?  
Oh ! you gazed on the sad and lovely wreck,  
With a full flood of woe you could not check,  
And your heart was so sore you wished it would break ;  
But it loved, and you aye sobbed on ?

But oh! had you been with me, mamma,  
 In the realms of unknown care,  
 And seen what I saw, you'd ne'er have cried,  
 Though they buried pretty Jane in the grave when she died:  
 For shining with the blest and adorned like a bride,  
 Sweet sister Jane was there.

Did you mind that silly old man, mamma,  
 Who came so late to our door,  
 And the night was dark, and the tempest loud,  
 And his heart was weak, but his soul was proud,  
 And his ragged old mantle served for his shroud,  
 Ere the midnight watch was o'er?

And think what a weight of woe, mamma,  
 Made heavy each long drawn sigh,  
 As the good old man sat on papa's old chair,  
 While the rain dropped down from his thin gray hair,  
 And fast the big tear of speechless care  
 Ran down his glazing eye—

And think what a heavenward look, mamma,  
 Flash'd through each trembling eye,  
 As he told how he went to the Baron's strong hold,  
 Saying, "Oh! let me in for the night is cold;"  
 But the rich man cried, "Go sleep in the wood,  
 For we shield no beggars here."

Well! HE was in glory too, mamma,  
 As happy as the blest can be;  
 He needed no alms in the mansions of light,  
 For he sat with the patriarchs, clothed in white—  
 And there was not a seraph had a crown more bright,  
 Nor a costlier robe than he.

Now sing, for I fain would sleep, mamma,  
 And dream as I dream'd before;  
 For sound was my slumber, and sweet was my rest,  
 While my spirit in the kingdom of life was a guest;  
 And the heart that has throb'd in the climes of the blest,  
 Can love this world no more.

*Londonderry Sentinel.*

### VALENTINE VOX, THE VENTRILOQUIST.

Of all the magician's auditors on the great occasion to which we have alluded, Valentine was one of the most attentive, and that portion of the performance which struck him with the greatest force was the Signor's display of his power as a ventriloquist. Indeed, so deep an impression did it make upon his mind, that he firmly resolved to apply to the magician the following day with the view of ascertaining if it were possible for him to become a ventriloquist himself. Finding, however, that the Signor had so unceremoniously vanished from the town, he was left entirely to his own resources, and after trying with desperation for several days, he discovered, with equal astonishment and delight, that he in reality possessed the power of speaking with an abdominal intonation, and that zealous cultivation would cause that power to be fully developed.

He accordingly commenced a severe course of training. He rose early every morning and practised in the fields, and in doing so,

frequently startled himself, for the power that was within him, not being quite under control, would occasionally send the sound in one place when he fully intended it to have been in another. The consciousness, however, of his possessing this extraordinary power, urged him to persevere, and in less than six months it was entirely at his command.

He then began to astonish all whom he met. He would call an individual by name, and cause the sound to proceed apparently from the opposite side of the street. If ladies were walking before him he would instantly raise the dreaded cry of 'mad dog!' and imitate the growlings of the animal in its paroxysms to perfection. If persons were passing an empty house, he would loudly cry 'murder!—thieves!' when, if he could but persuade them to break open the door, he would lead them from room to room by imitations of convulsive sobs and dying groans, until the house had obtained the reputation of being haunted. It enabled him to be revenged upon all who offended him and so unscrupulous was he, when he had such an object in view, that he absolutely on one occasion forbade the marriage of a young lady by whom he had been insulted, as he imagined, at a dance, by calling out in a female voice, when the minister had said, 'If any of you know any just cause or impediment why these two persons should not be joined together in holy matrimony ye are now to declare it,—I forbid that marriage.'

'The person,' said the minister on that occasion with due solemnity, 'by whom this marriage is forbidden will be pleased to walk into the vestry.'

The eyes of the congregation had immediate employment, but they twinkled and strained to no purpose. Of course, no person appeared in the vestry; but the lady whose marriage had been forbidden, and whom cruel curiosity had prompted to be present, at once fainted, and was instantly carried away by the sexton.

Valentine's first grand display, however, in public, was at a meeting convened at the Guildhall, for the purpose of electing a fit and proper person to fill the vacancy occasioned by the lamentable death of Mr. Paving Commissioner Cobb. Party feeling on that occasion ran high; and the hall at the appointed hour was crowded to excess by the friends of the candidates, who look at each other as if the laws only prevented the perpetration of cannibalism on the spot.

As the mayor was about to open the important business of the day, with the expression of a lively hope that all parties would have a fair and impartial hearing, Valentine entered the hall, and having by virtue of perseverance reached the steps of the rostrum from which the electors were to be addressed, prepared at once to commence operations.

The first speaker was Mr. Creedale, an extremely thin gentleman, with an elaborately chiseled nose, who came forward on the liberal side to nominate Mr. Job Stone.

'Gentlemen!' said Mr. Creedale.

'Nonsense,' cried, Valentine, in an assumed voice of course, which appeared to proceed from a remote part of the hall.

'Gentlemen,' repeated Mr. Creedale, with some additional emphasis.

'Pooh, pooh,' exclaimed Valentine, changing the tone.

'It may,' said Mr. Creedale, 'be nonsense, or it may be pooh, pooh; but, gentlemen, I address you as gentlemen, and beg that I may not be interrupted.'



'O don't mind Tibbs, go on,' cried Valentine.

'Oh! Tibbs; indeed,' observed Mr. Creedale, with a contemptuous curl of the lip. 'It's Mr. Tibbs, is it.'

'No, no,' cried the accused individual, who was a highly respectable grocer, and remarkable for his quiet and unassuming demeanor.

'I am surprised at Mr. Tibbs,' said Mr. Creedale in continuation—'I have till now regarded him as an individual—'

'No, no,' again vociferated Tibbs, 'It arn't me, I arn't spoke a syn-nable.'

'If Mr. Tibbs,' observed the mayor, 'or if any other gentleman be desirous of addressing the meeting he will have an opportunity of doing so anon.'

'Upon my honor,' exclaimed Tibbs, 'I've—'

Here there were general cries of 'Order, order, chair,' when Mr. Creedale continued:

'Gentlemen; without adverting to any extraneous matter, it gives me unspeakable pleasure to propose—'

'A revolutionist! growled Valentine in a heavy bass voice.

'That's me, I s'pose,' exultingly cried Tibbs, shaking his head and giving a most triumphant wink.

'I know whose voice that is,' said Mr. Creedale, 'That's the voice of the conservative bully. Yes, that's Mr. Brownrigg.'

'What,' shouted Brownrigg, in a voice of indignant thunder.

'What?' echoed Mr. Creedale.

'Say it's me again,' shouted Brownrigg, 'just only so much as say it's me again.'

'Mr. Brownrigg,' observed the mayor, 'will be pleased to conduct himself *here* with propriety.'

'What do you mean?' exclaimed Brownrigg. 'Why fix upon me?'

'That is not the first time,' observed Mr. Creedale, 'that Mr. Brownrigg has been here with the view of blustering for the Conservatives; but it won't—'

'As true as life,' exclaimed Brownrigg, 'I never opened my lips. If I did—'

Loud cries of 'Order, order! Question! Chair, chair!' drowned the conclusion of the sentence, however interesting it might have been, and Mr. Creedale resumed:

'As I was about to observe, gentlemen, when disgracefully interrupted, it gives me great pleasure to propose Mr. Stone as—'

'A Dickey,' screamed Valentine, assuming the shrill voice of a female:

'Don't have him, he's a dickey.\*'

Here the entire meeting cried 'Shame!' and the candidate rose to repel the insinuation.

'Officers,' shouted the mayor, 'instantly turn that depraved woman out.'

Hereupon a corps of corporate constables entered with their staves, and rushed to the spot from which the sound appeared to proceed; but no woman was discoverable.

'Whoop,' cried Valentine, throwing his voice to another part of the hall; and the officers rushed to that part with the most praiseworthy

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\* It will probably be necessary here to observe that in Suffolk a "dickey" is the short word for an ass.

precipitation, legally assailing every elector who stood in their way; but no sooner had they reached the spot proposed than 'the depraved woman' appeared to be laughing outright in the very body of the meeting. Away went the constables, following the sound, and enraged beyond measure at their inability to catch her, when in an instant another 'Whoop' was heard to proceed from the spot they had just quitted. Back went the constables, knocking aside every man whom they came near, and thus creating a scene of indescribable confusion.

'Turn her out,' cried the mayor in loud tones of insulted dignity, 'Turn her out.'

'Blame me,' cried the fattest of the constables foaming with rage, 'We can't find her.'

Again loud laughter was heard, in which at length the entire meeting joined on beholding the laudable ardour with which the constables kept up the chase.

'You abandoned creature,' cried the mayor, 'why don't you leave the hall?'

'Let me alone, let me alone,' cried the 'creature,' 'and I'll be quiet'—and immediately a scream was heard, succeeded by sounds indicative of the 'creature' being just on the point of fainting. The constables fancied that they were sure of her then, and therefore made another rush; but without more success. At length the mayor exclaimed, 'Let her be: leave her to her own conscience,' when the constables with the greatest reluctance withdrew, and comparative silence was restored.

Mr. Creedale then resumed:—'A weak invention of the enemy—(No, no! and loud cheers)—I repeat—'

'You're a fool,' cried Valentine in a singularly gruff tone, on which there were again loud cries of 'Shame,' and 'Order.'

'I'll commit the first man,' cried the mayor with a swell of indignation, 'who again interrupts these important proceedings, be *he* whomsoever he may.'

'You can't, old boy,' cried Valentine.

'Who, who is that?' said the mayor—'I demand instantly who it is that dares thus to—'

'Dares,' exclaimed Valentine.

'Dares, aye dares!' cried the mayor. 'I'll give five pounds to any man who will point out to me that audacious individual.'

The electors at this moment stared at each other, and all appeared lost in amazement.

The mayor again rose, and assuming a more tranquil tone, said, 'Really, gentlemen, this conduct is perfectly disgraceful. In the course of my experience I never met with any thing even remotely comparable to—'

'Jonathan Sprawl,' cried Valentine. 'He is the man.'

'If,' said the mayor, 'I thought that—but no, no, I am certain, Mr. Sprawl—'

'I assure you,' said Jonathan, the interruption did not proceed from me, on my honor. He who says that it did is a slanderer and no gentleman: and I tell him so openly to his teeth.'

'I am satisfied,' said the mayor, 'quite satisfied, and therefore do trust that we shall now be permitted to proceed.'

Mr. Creedale, who was still in possession of the floor, again resumed: 'I am not inclined,' said he, 'to indulge on this occasion in anything'

which may tend to create feelings of irritation; but I must be permitted to say that I am utterly astonished at the conduct of—'

'Mr. Maxill,' said Valentine, imitating the voice of Mr. Creedale the speaker.

'Demme!' cried Maxill, who was a short stumpy man, with a remarkably raw-beefy face, 'I begs to rise to order. Demme! I claims the protection of the cheer and if so be as Mr. Creedale means for to mean as it's me, why damme, I repels the insinuation—(Applause)—I repels the insinuation, and means for to say this, that all I can say is—(Bravo Maxill)—all I can say is, demme, is this—'

'You're an ass!' cried Valentine, throwing his voice immediately behind Mr. Maxill, 'hold your tongue.'

Within the sphere of the reader's observation, it has in all probability occurred, that a man, being in nautical phraseology, three sheets in the wind, and withering under the lash of some real or imaginary insult, has made desperate efforts to reach an opponent through the barrier composed of mutual friends; if so, if the reader should ever have beheld an individual in that interesting position, foaming, and plunging, and blustering, and occasionally striking his dearest friend, in his efforts to get at the enemy, he is qualified to form some conception of the scene of which 'little fatty Maxill' was the hero. He fancied that he had discovered the delinquent. Nothing could shake his faith in the assumed fact, that an individual named Abraham Bull who happened to be standing at the time in his immediate vicinity, was the person by whom he had been insulted. He therefore sprang at him with all the ferocity at his command; but being checked by those around, who were conscious of Bull's perfect innocence, he, bent upon vengeance, continued kicking and bullying, and dealing out his blows right and left, with the most perfect indiscriminate, until the constables lifted him clean off his legs, and without any further ceremony rolled him into the street.

The mayor now fondly imagined that this would have the effect of restoring perfect order; he believed that after such an example as that, no individual, or body of individuals would dare to offer the slightest interruption to the proceedings of the day; and having expressed himself quietly to that effect, he bowed and waived his hand to Mr. Creedale.

That gentleman accordingly came forward once more, and said: 'Gentlemen, it is with unspeakable ——'

'Blarney!' cried Valentine.

'Silence,' exclaimed the Mayor with a melo-dramatic stamp that shook the platform.

'The eye of England,' said Mr. Creedale, 'nay, the eye of all Europe [Asia, Africa, and America, added Valentine] are upon you, and I can only say that any thing more——'

'Laughable,' cried Valentine, assuming the voice of a respectable plumber who stood near him.

'Good heavens!' exclaimed the mayor, to what a depth of degradation have we dived! For the love of grace permit me to say, that anything more disgraceful never came within the pale of my experience. Am I to be supported? (loud cries of yes, yes.) Then, in the name of mighty reason, I call upon you loudly, boldly, emphatically, and that with all the energy of which I am capable, to do so. ('We will, we will.' 'Down with the rank revolutionary raff,' and loud cheers.)



At this stage of the proceedings the mayor quietly intimated to Mr. Creedale, that it would perhaps be, under the circumstances, expedient to cut it short; and Mr. Creedale having with half an eye perceived the propriety of that suggestion, concluded amidst general uproar, with the following most pointed remark:

'Gentlemen, since you will not hear me speak, I shall beg at once to nominate my friend Mr. Stone, a man whose equal as a fit and proper person to be a Paving Commissioner is not to be found.'

Hereupon there were loud cheers from the liberal party, and hisses and groans from the tories, and when Leechamp rose to second the nomination, the cheering and hissing, and groaning, were renewed.

Mr. MacIreling then came forward to propose Mr. Slabb, who had the whole conservative interest on his side; but the moment he appeared in front of the platform, Valentine cried, 'Now for a signal retaliation! now for our revenge!'

'Gentlemen,' said Mr. MacIreling.

'You'll not let a rank tory speak, if you are men!' exclaimed Valentine; and Mr. MacIreling was immediately assailed with a tremendous volley of groans from the liberals, who naturally believed that the conservatives had created the whole of the previous disturbance.

'Gentlemen! *Gentlemen!* GENTLEMEN! reiterated the mayor at intervals, appropriately filled up with hissing, groaning, cheering, whistling, and yelling. 'I demand to be heard. I insist—I insist upon silence. ('Order, order—chair, chair.') In the name of all that's gracious, let it not—let it not, oh! let it not go forth to the world, that the men of this ancient and enlightened borough, in the nineteenth century, in the heart of the British empire; in the centre, the very bull's eye of civilization, as slaves to passion, idiots, madmen, and fools—(loud cheers.) Am I a cypher? (hear, hear.) On the instant would I dissolve this most outrageous meeting, were it not that I am determined to maintain inviolate the dignity of the office I have the honor to hold, and not to be intimidated, frightened, alarmed, or put down by mere clamour, (vehement cheering.) If we are to proceed in the name of blind and impartial justice, of mighty and immortal reason, of invincible and sound constitutional common sense, in the name of all that is mighty, respectable, and just, let us do so.'

This pointed and poetic appeal, delivered as it was, in tones of the most eloquent indignation, had the effect of inspiring the audience with awe, which induced something bearing the semblance of order to prevail.

Mr. MacIreling then again stepped forward, and said, 'Gentlemen, I hope that my conduct has been of a character to command the esteem of \_\_\_\_\_'

'The tories,' shouted Valentine.

'Heavens,' exclaimed the mayor, with his hands clenched, and raising his voice to the highest pitch—'by all that is powerful and pure, I'll commit that man who presumes again to utter a syllable for the purpose of \_\_\_\_\_'

Valentine here sent into the midst of the meeting an awfully melodramatic 'Ha, ha, ha,' which appeared absolutely to electrify his worship who loudly cried 'Officers, now do your duty!'

In vain those respectable functionaries, sweating with indignation,

rushed to the middle of the hall, with the laudable view of arresting the delinquent. Loud laughter was still heard, but invariably behind them, whichever way they happened to turn. The perspiration poured down their cheeks, for their exertions were really terrific. They stamped, and puffed, and tore, and shook their fists, and looked eternal daggers at every man in their vicinity. The laughter was heard still: and away they went again with fresh energy, inspired by his worship's reiterated cries of 'Officers, now do your duty.' At length, fairly driven to desperation, and being in a state of the most excruciating mental agony, they resolved on seizing some one, and accordingly collared Mr. Lym, a highly reputable baker, whom they happily discovered in the atrocious act of smiling at the ridiculous character of their appearance. In vain Mr. Lym proclaimed his innocence—they had caught him in the act; and hence proceeded to urge him towards the door with all possible violence. In the space of one minute Mr. Lym was divested of his top coat, under coat, waist coat, and shirt,—those articles of apparel having been torn completely off by the enraged functionaries in the due execution of their duty. Lym would have left the hall quietly enough, but the radicals would by no means suffer him to do so. They rushed to the rescue; and on Valentine shouting out 'Down with the republicans,' in one voice, and 'Down with the tories,' in another, a general battle ensued, which was kept up on both sides with infinite spirit, while the mayor, duly mounted on the table, was engaged in denouncing the irregular proceedings with all the indignant energy at his command.

The voice of Valentine was now no longer needed. The electors were making amply sufficient noise without his aid. He therefore mounted the rostrum, partly for safety and partly with a view to the full enjoyment of the scene, and then for the first time discovered that instead of the combatants being divided into two grand political parties, as they ought to have been, they were levelling their blows with indiscriminate fury, regardless utterly of every thing but the pleasure of conferring upon some one the honor of a hit. In one corner of the hall there was a dense mass of electors, of whom the majority were extremely corpulent, hugging and hanging on to each other, like bees when they swarm, with such remarkable tenacity, that the entire body formed a most interesting exemplification of a perfectly dead lock. In another corner there were two lines of amateur gladiators hitting out as hard as they could hit, but as they all, very discreetly, closed their eyes to preserve them, and went in head foremost, like bucks, their evolutions were not strictly scientific, although the hardest heads did the greatest amount of execution. In a third corner of the hall, there was a phalanx of individuals who formed a complete gordian knot, and who contented themselves with elbowing and grinning at each other with most praiseworthy zeal, while in the fourth there were two distinct ranks of independent electors, one half of whom were striving to protect their friends, by striking over the shoulders of those friends whom they kept with appropriate consideration in the front, to receive all the blows. The grand point of attraction, however, was in the centre. Here a circle of about two and twenty feet in diameter was strewed with quick bodies horizontally twisting in and out—sometimes above the surface, and sometimes below—like so many eels in a tub, without even the possibility of any of them achieving his perpendicular. They could not rise.

The more desperate, the more abortive were their efforts to do so. They writhed, they kicked, and blustered, and rolled, but still persevered the true character of the scene, namely, that of a general brawl.

While these really delightful proceedings were being conducted, certain well-intentioned persons, who had escaped, conceiving it to be the commencement of a sanguinary revolution, rushed with breathless haste to the Bull, which they knew to be the head quarters of a troop of dragoons, then temperately stationed in town, and at once gave the alarm, that the rebellion might be nipped in the bud. Before the awful tale could be told twice, the trumpet sounded on the Market Hill, to horse! and in less than five minutes the entire troop, headed by a mounted magistrate, galloped to the scene of action.

On reaching the hall, the revolutionists were to the soldiers invisible. A tumultuous din was heard—a din which threatened to burst the casement, but nothing could be seen. The doors were fast. Not one of the rebels within knew how to open them; nor could they be conveniently opened from without. Mr. Alldread, the magistrate, however, in the king's name, commanded them to be instantly broken down, which command was obeyed with alacrity by the alarmists. But here another difficulty presented itself: the rebels either would not or could not come out. Mr. Alldread, therefore, determined to surmount every obstacle, in the king's name commanded the soldiers to gallop in. He was for checking the rebellion ere it got to a head, so certain was he, that if energetic measures were not promptly taken, the British empire would be crumbled into one chaotic mass of revolutionary ruin.

Now, for a troop of dragoons to gallop pell-mell into a densely crowded hall, was regarded, very naturally, by Captain Copeland, the officer in command, as somewhat of a novelty in military tactics; however, partly to humour the alarmed magistrate, and partly because he felt that the mere sight of the soldiers would be sufficient to put an end to all civil hostilities, he ordered his men to follow him with all possible care, and accordingly in they all went.

The eyes of a majority of the insurgents were at this crisis closed, and as those of the rest were fixed firmly upon their antagonists, the quiet entrance of the soldiers, except by a few near the door, was for a moment disregarded. Captain Copeland, however, ordered the trumpet to sound, and the trumpeter blew a shivering blast, so loud, that in an instant, as if by magic, hostilities ceased.

'Upon em!' loudly shouted Mr. Alldread: 'char-r-ge!'

The gallant captain smiled; and his men had absolutely the cold blooded audacity to wink at each other with gleeful significance.

'Heavens,' exclaimed Mr. Alldread, utterly astonished at the manifest indisposition of the soldiers to cut the rebels individually into mince-meat. 'Why, what do you fear? In the king's name, again I command you to mow the traitors down!'

Captain Copeland, perceiving every eye fixed upon him, at once gracefully waived his bright sword until the point rested opposite the door, when the rebels, viewing this as an insinuation that they would be permitted to depart unscotched, rushed with all the alacrity at their command into the street, and in the space of five minutes the entire body of the hall was deserted.

A council of war then held on the spot, at which the mayor was too exhausted to utter an audible sentence, but Mr. Alldread could not



withhold the loud expression of his unspeakable surprise at Captain Copeland's peculiarly unconstitutional indisposition to promote the circulation of rank rebellious blood. It was, however, eventually decided that no further steps need be taken in the matter, and as the captain wished to spend a merry evening, he invited the mayor and every member of the corporation present to dine with him forthwith at the Bull. The invitation was accepted, and as they left the hall, certain struggling knots of rebels who were discussing the cause of the disturbance with great energy, took to their heels and ran to the various public houses they were in the habit of frequenting, each, of course, with the view of contending for the correctness of his own version of the origin of the fray. The soldiers smiled as they saw the rebels running; but, although Mr. Alldread insisted upon the propriety of the troop giving them chase, the party proceeded with due dignity to dinner, after which the bottle went round merrily till midnight, when the mayor and the rest of the members of the corporation, at the particular desire of Mr. Alldread, were conducted to the doors of their respective residences, under a most formidable military escort.

THE following lines, recited by the Rev. Mr. KIRK, at the temperance meeting held in the Museum, were very much admired, and have frequently been sought after for publication.

### SONG OF THE WATER TIPPLER.

#### I.

Oh! water for me, bright water for me,  
And wine for the tremulous debauchee—  
It cooleth the brow, it cooleth the brain;  
It maketh the faint one strong again;  
It comes o'er the sense, as a breeze from the sea,  
All freshness, like infant purity.  
So water for me, bright water for me,  
Give wine, give wine to the debauchee.

#### II.

Fill to the brim, fill to the brim,  
Let the flowing crystal kiss the rim:  
My hand is steady, my eye is true,  
For I, like the flowers, drink nought but dew.  
Oh water, bright water's a mine of wealth;  
So water for me, bright water for me,  
Give wine to the tremulous debauchee.

#### III.

Fill again to the brim, again to the brim,  
For water strengtheneth life and limb;  
To the days of the aged it addeth length;  
To the mind of the strong it addeth strength;  
It freshens the heart, it brightens the sight,  
'Tis like quaffing a goblet of morning light.  
So water, pure water, I'll drink only thee,  
Thou parent of health and energy.

## IV.

When o'er the hills, like a gladsome bride,  
 Morning walks forth in her beauty's pride,  
 As leading a band of laughing hours,  
 She brushes the dew from the nodding flowers;  
 Oh cheerily then my voice is heard,  
 Mingling with that of the soaring bird—  
 As he flingeth abroad his matin loud,  
 And freshens his wing in the cool spray cloud.

## V.

But when evening hath quitted her sheltering yew,  
 And, drowsily flying, is weaving anew !  
 Her dusky meshes o'er land and sea,  
 How gently, O sleep ! fall thy poppies on me—  
 For I drink water, pure, cold and bright,  
 And my dreams are of heaven the live-long night.  
 Hurrah for thee, water, hurrah, hurrah !  
 Thou art silver and gold, thou art riband and star,  
 Hurrah for thee, water, hurrah, hurrah !

*Phil. U. S. Gas*

## AN IDEA OF THE UNIVERSE.

In the Christian Keepsake for the current season, among a very creditable variety of articles furnished for that beautiful annual by British writers, is a splendid essay by the distinguished Dr. Thomas Dick, so well known in this country, by his works on various subjects kindred to that indicated by the heading above. The length of this essay makes it impossible to cite much of it in our columns, and as the volume itself will reach comparatively few of our readers, we have concluded to give them the Doctor's leading notions in our own words.

He begins with what the senses of man command around him in the way of a *landscape*, and comparing this little space with what is immediately around us on all sides, observes that it would be requisite—taking the general average of a pretty extensive landscape—that more than hundred thousand landscapes of the extent we generally behold, should pass before our view, ere we could form an adequate conception of the bulk of the whole earth. The surface of the globe, he says, contains no less than one hundred and ninety-seven millions of square miles. No human mind can form a conception of this.

The earth, however, is but an inconsiderable ball when compared with other planets of our system. One of these bodies could contain within its dimensions nine hundred globes as large as the earth; another fourteen hundred; and were five hundred globes as large as that on which we dwell, laid upon a vast place, the outermost ring of the planet Saturn, which is six hundred and forty-three thousand miles in circumference, would enclose them all. And yet these bodies seem only small bright specks on the concave of our sky.

Again—earth, planets, comets, and all—the whole subordinate solar system—how small is it, compared with its central luminary. No intellect can reach to the slightest conception of such a body. The sun is

five hundred times larger than the whole, and would contain within its circumference, thirteen hundred thousand globes as large as our world. To contemplate all the variety of scenery on the surface of this luminary would require more than fifty thousand years, although a landscape five thousand miles in extent, were to pass before our eyes every hour. What a scope were this for the explorations of intellect and imagination throughout eternity!

But this system, with its sun, is but a point in the firmament. Before we could arrive at the nearest object in this firmament, we should have to pass over a space at least twenty *billions* of miles in extent—a space which a cannon ball, flying with its utmost velocity, would not pass over in less than four millions of years. What hosts of orbs are visible here of a winter's night! How vast must they be! There is every reason to believe, that the least twinkling star which our eyes can discern, is not less than our sun in magnitude and glory, and that many of them are even a hundred or a thousand times superior in magnitude to that stupendous luminary. And as the Creator does nothing in vain, as he must be supposed always to act in the plenitude of his perfections, those thousand stars, which the unassisted eye can perceive in the canopy of heaven, may be considered as connected with at least fifty thousand worlds, compared with the amount of whose population, all the inhabitants of our globe would appear only as “the small dust in the balance.” Here the imagination might expatiate for ages of ages, in surveying this position of the Creator's kingdom, and be lost in contemplation and wonder at the vast extent, the magnitude, and the immense variety of scenes, objects, and movements, which would meet the view in every direction. For here we have presented to our view, not only single suns and single systems, such as that to which we belong, but *suns revolving around suns* and systems around systems—systems not only double, but triple, quadruple, quintuple, and all in complicated but harmonious motion—*motion*—more rapid than the swiftest planets in our system, though some of them move a hundred thousand miles in an hour—periods of revolutions which vary from thirty to sixteen hundred years—suns with a *blue or green* lustre revolving around suns of a white or a ruddy color, and both of them illuminating *with contrasted colored light* the same assemblages of worlds. And if the various orders of intelligences were unveiled to our view, what a scene of interests, grandeur, variety, diversity of intellect, and of wonder and astonishment, would be open to our view!

And still we should be on the verge of creation! The visible is as nothing compared to the invisible. The milky-way is found to consist of clusters of stars; and the late Sir W. Herschel, in passing his telescope along a space of this zone, fifteen degrees long and two broad, descried at least fifty thousand stars large enough to be distinctly counted; besides which he suspected twice as many more, which could be seen only now and then by faint glimpses, for want of sufficient light; that is, fifteen times more than the acutest eye can discern in the whole heavens, during the clearest night; and the space which they occupy is only the 1-1375th part of the visible canopy of the sky. On another occasion, this astronomer perceived nearly six hundred stars in *one* field of view of his telescope, so that in the space of a quarter of an hour, one hundred and sixteen thousand stars passed in review before him. Now, were we to suppose every part of this zone equally filled with stars as the spaces



now alluded to, there would be found in the milky-way alone, no less than 20,190,000, that is, twenty millions, one hundred and ninety thousand stars, or twenty thousand times the number of those that are visible to the naked eye. In regard to the *distance* of some of these stars, it has been ascertained that some of the more remote are not less than five hundred times the distance of the nearest fixed star, that is, at least 9,940,000,000,000,000, or nearly ten thousand billions of miles; a distance so great, that *light*, which flies at the rate of twelve millions of miles every minute, would require one thousand six hundred and forty years, before it could traverse this mighty interval!

Such is the explanation of that "apparently irregular belt which appears only like an accidental tinge on the face of the firmament." Millions of magnificent suns, where not a sparkle can be distinguished by human eyes!

And now the Doctor asks, what shall we say if this vast assemblage of starry system be found to be no more than a single *nebula*, of which several thousand perhaps even richer in stars, have already been discovered? and that it bears no more proportion to the whole sidereal heavens, than a small dusky speck which our telescopes enable us to descry! Such is the present theory, and is founded on most elaborate observations by the first astronomers of modern times.

And here a calculation is entertained as to the extent of what may in one sense be called the *visible* universe. There have been more than 2000, of these *nebulae* already discovered. Supposing the number of stars which compose the Milky-Way to be only ten millions, (half the number formerly stated,) and each of the *nebulae*, at an average, contains the same number; supposing farther, that only two thousand of the three thousand *nebulae*, are resolvable into stars, and that the other thousand are masses of a shining fluid not yet condensed by the fiat of the Almighty into luminous globes—the number of stars or *suns* comprehended in that portion of the firmament which is within the reach of our telescopes would be 20,000,000,000, or twenty thousand millions, which is twenty millions of times the number of all the stars which are visible to the naked eye!

Still our philosopher suggests, even these assemblages of *systems* may be but as a single *nebula* to the whole visible firmament, or even as a grain of sand to the whole earth, compared with the *invisible* universe beyond!

Speaking of what was called the planetary *nebula*, which are round, compact bodies, like planetary disks, when viewed through telescopes, Herschel mentions one in the constellations of Andromeda, "that would more than fill the whole orbit of Uranus," which is three thousand six hundred millions of miles in diameter. Such a body would, therefore, contain 24,429,081,600,000,000,000,000,000,000, or more than twenty-four quartillions of solid miles, which is sixty-eight thousand four hundred millions of times larger than the cubical contents of the Sun! Hundreds of these *nebulae* have never been resolved into stars. Some are thought to be luminous matter in process of condensing. One of these, in the Sword of Orion, is computed to be 2,200,000,000,000,000,000 times larger than our Sun. All these bodies may be supposed to be advancing to the formation of new systems for replenishing the void of space, and displaying the Creator's glory.

The *motions* of this universe are the subject of a concluding hint.

Nothing in nature is quiescent. Every thing goes in its stated orbit, and the rate of these motions, in every known instance, is not less than several thousands of miles every hour, and, in some instances, thousands of miles every minute. The fixed stars though to a common observer they appear nearly in the same position with regard to each other, are found, in some instances, to have motions far more rapid than those of any of the planetary globes, though their magnitude is immensely superior. The stars sixty-one Cygni, whose apparent motion is five seconds annually—and consequently altogether imperceptible to a common observer—yet at the distance at which this star is known to be placed, this motion is equivalent to one hundred and twenty billions of miles every year; or three hundred and twenty-thousand millions every day.

Such, modestly remarks the Doctor, are a few rude ideas respecting the Universe. All these objects, however, do not constitute the Universe. They are detached parts of it, and may be as nothing to the whole. Of this whole, man probably may never be able to form a conception.—The highest created intellect may not. To God only does it seem likely to be known.

[*Journal of Commerce.*]

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## LITERARY NOTICES.

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### THE ABORIGINES OF AMERICA.

We had the pleasure of hearing a long and very interesting lecture on the above subject, on the evening of the 24th inst., from the Rev. Wm. D. Lange. This gentleman is favorably known to the literary world, as the author of a work on Polynesia, and to those who are interested in the Missionary cause, as an active zealous Missionary on New Zealand, &c.

The object of this gentleman, on the present occasion, was to throw light on the long disputed and mysterious question—"From whence did America receive its first inhabitants?" The theory he supported and defended, differed in many points from those adopted by authors who have contended, that America was peopled from the Eastern Continent by the way of Behring's Straits. Mr. Lange admits, that whilst the Esquimaux on the Northern part of our continent had their origin from that source,—there are strong and conclusive evidences that the rest of America was peopled by a very different race—namely, from Malacca, and the neighboring countries. That they crossed the broadest part of the Pacific Ocean, and gradually spread themselves over the innumerable Islands scattered over that broad sea, until they peopled the Sandwich and Society Islands, and the Marquessas, from whence there would be no insupera-

ble difficulty in finding their way to the American Continent. He endeavored to prove this—from the identity of their language, and its close resemblance with that of central Asia. From the evidences of a considerable degree of civilization—from the similarity of their pyramids and mounds—their architecture—their hieroglyphical writings—their manners and customs—their maritime and aquatic habits—their countenances, and especially the form of their skulls,—and lastly, their religious rites.

We have seldom heard a more interesting lecture, or one in which greater learning, and a knowledge of the history of nations, and their manners, customs and languages, was displayed. We do not consider that this difficult question can be settled by a single lecture or volume, but we are free to say, that to us, his theory was the most plausible, and supported by the greatest number of facts, of any that we have yet heard advanced.

#### AUDUBON'S BIRDS OF AMERICA.

The seventh number of the miniature edition of the above work, has been distributed to the subscribers in this city. It is issued with great regularity on the 1st and 15th of every month. We are glad to learn that the number of subscribers amounting already to upwards of 700, is so rapidly increasing, that a new edition is already called for. Although the drawings are not as interesting as the unrivalled pictures in the large work, they are equally accurate—the book is smaller, and therefore more convenient. It is also better arranged, according to the genera, and to the student in Natural History, it is equally valuable with the large work itself. The execution is highly creditable to our American artists, and it is now admitted that, considering its faithful execution, it is the cheapest work on Natural History ever published.

The five first numbers are taken up with the Vultures, Eagles and Hawks,—from which it appears, that we have in the United States, 3 Vultures, and 23 of the Falcon tribe. These are so accurately figured and described, that the very tyro in Ornithology may be able to recognize any species by comparison. The 6th and 7th Nos. are taken up in descriptions of the Owls.

Mr. Audubon is just now on a visit to his friends in this city. Notwithstanding his fatigues and exposures in the desert and inhospitable wilds of our country, he continues to wear the appearance of health and vigor. Although the snows of age are gathering on his head, and here and there a furrow may be seen on his cheek, yet his eye has still the brightness of a hawk, he treads with the firm step of a young man, and his energies are unimpaired. He is still actively engaged in his favorite pursuits, and should his life be spared, he hopes to be able to investigate and elucidate other branches of natural science. May the evening of his life be as pleasant and comfortable, as the morning of it has been eventful, laborious and diversified.



## AGRICULTURAL ITEMS.

**Working Cows.**—The Worcester (Mass.) *Ægis*, says,—it is believed that a team of cows properly managed will do all the ordinary work of a small farm and furnish a much milk as if the animals were not worked. The Maine Farmer publishes the result of an experiment in working cows, made by a Mr. Hoyt of Amesbury, Mass., many years ago. He was a small farmer, cultivating only twenty-five acres, from which he derived a support for himself and family. For breaking up and his other operations, he usually obtained a stronger team; but performed the ordinary work on the farm with his two cows. He worked them three hours early in the morning and three more late in the afternoon, permitting them to rest during the interval, feeding them generously all the while, and milk them three times a day. It was a common remark that they furnished more butter and cheese than any other two cows in town. The experiment deserves a careful trial.

**Product from Manures.**—Experiments in Germany have led to the following conclusions:

If a given quantity of land, without any manure yields three times the seed employed, then the same quantity of land will produce—

Five times the quantity sown when manured with old herbage, putrid grass, or leaves, garden stuff, &c.

Seven times when manured with cow dung.

Nine times with pigeon's dung.

Ten times with horse dung.

Twelve times with goats and sheeps dung.

Fourteen times with human manure or bullock's blood.

**Dutch method of preserving Milk for a long voyage.**—Take any number of bottles you wish to have filled, scald them thoroughly, turn them upon the nose in the sun until they are perfectly dry; then milk from the cows into the bottles, and cork them tight; the bottles are then put in a kettle, packed with straw or hay, and water poured in until they are covered. After being boiled, the milk is fit for use, and may be preserved sweet for months.

The gentleman who communicated the above to the Yankee Farmer, says that he has tasted of milk thus prepared, which had made a voyage from Amsterdam to Batavia and back, and from thence to New-York—the milk was as sweet as when first drawn from the cow.

**Bee Moth.**—Mr. James Thatcher, author of the "American Orchardist," &c. &c., in a communication to the New England Farmer, says, "I will embrace this opportunity to communicate, for the benefit of the cultivator, what I believe to be an infallible remedy against the bee moth, which has proved so destructive to bees throughout our country of late years. The remedy is simple and easily applied. It consists merely in covering the floor board on which the hive stands,

with common earth about an inch thick. A hive set on earth will never be infested with worms, for the bee moth will not deposit her eggs where the earth will come in contact. She naturally resorts to a dry board as her element. The remedy has been employed by a number of persons in this vicinity for several years, with the most complete success."

**Lime for Peach Trees.**—Repeated instances have been related for the renovating effects of lime applied to the roots of peach trees.

**Peach Trees.**—Tobacco leaves put around the body of peach trees, just beneath the surface of the ground, are recommended by A. Dey as a preventative of the worm that destroys the trees by eating the bark.

**Pear Trees propagated from Roots.**—It is stated upon good authority, in the New England Farmer, that choice varieties of pear trees may be produced and the fruit preserved by means of roots. Small roots are selected, which have terminal fibres, and some kind of composition is usually put on the large ends of the roots to protect the wounds; afterwards they are placed obliquely in the earth, and fine trees with the fruit of the parent stock are the consequence without the trouble or expense of grafting.

**Preserving Plums from the Curculio.**—A correspondent of the N. Y. Farmer in 1831, says, "One of my friends has had plentiful crops of plums for 18 years in succession, by keeping hogs in his fruit garden; yet trees within fifteen rods of that garden have annually lost all their fruit by the curculio."

**Missouri Flax.**—On the upper branches of the Missouri river, is found a species of perennial flax, which resembles in every respect, except that it is perennial, the common flax of agriculture. Mr. Oakley, under date of 21st June, 1839, states that in a beautiful valley called Bayou Schard, 28 miles from the south fork of the Platte, he saw a level prairie, 30 miles long and 3 wide, covered with a thick growth of flax of spontaneous growth. A field of sixty thousand acres of flax growing luxuriantly, without the trouble and expense of ploughing or sowing, must be a sight to gladden the heart of any farmer. Mr. Parker, in his tour over the mountains, stated that the stalk, the flour and the seed, resemble the common flax, and that the Indians use it for making fishing nets. This flax requires to be mown like grass, the roots being too large and running too deep in the ground to permit its being pulled after the common manner. We know of no plant which appears to deserve an effort for its introduction into the class of cultivated vegetation more than the one we have noticed.

*St. Louis Gazette.*

## MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

**Electrical Lady.**—A respectable in a late number of *Silliman's Journal*, relates the following curious account of an *Electrical Lady*. He states that on the evening of January 28th, during a somewhat extraordinary display of the northern lights, the person in question became so highly charged with electricity, as to give out vivid electrical sparks from the end of each finger to the face of each of the company present. This did not cease with the heavenly phenomenon, but continued for several months, during which time she was constantly charged, and giving off electrical sparks to every conductor she approached. This was extremely vexatious, as she could not touch the stove nor any metallic utensils, without first giving off an electrical spark, with the consequent twinge. The state most unfavorable to this phenomenon, was an atmosphere of about 80 deg. Fah., moderate exercise, and social enjoyment. It disappeared in any atmosphere approaching zero, and under the debilitating effects of fear. When seated by the stove, reading with her feet upon the fender, she gave sparks at the rate of three or four a minute; and under the most favorable circumstances, a spark that could be seen, heard, or felt, passed every second! She could charge others in the same way, when insulated, who could then give sparks to others. To make it satisfactory that her dress did not produce it, it was to be changed cotton and woolen, without altering the phenomenon. The lady is about 30, of sedentary pursuits, and delicate state of health, having for two years previously suffered from acute rheumatism and neuralgic affections, with peculiar symptoms.

**Creed of a pretty Woman.**—I believe that a Cashmere shawl is to a woman an object of the first necessity.

I believe that marriage is a municipal formality, in which there is nothing embarrassing, which is susceptible of modifications according to the humor of the contracting parties.

I believe that the first virtue of woman is coquetry; the greatest defect, maturity; and her greatest crime old age.

I believe that the salique law is a monument of barbarism which disgraces the European codes.

I believe that Joan of Arc was the greatest man that the world ever produced, and that Ninon d'Enclos the greatest woman.

I believe that paint is more necessary to the heart of a woman than to her complexion.

I believe that a woman should rather want bread than a gown or a hat *a-la-mode*.

I believe that fashion is the goddess of woman and the tyrant of men.

I believe that an English lord who has plenty of guineas, and a great wish to spend them in company, is the most witty, the most airy, and the original of all beings.

I believe that devotion is not incompatible

with pleasure, and that any reasonable accommodation may be made with heaven.

I believe that love is an act of stupidity, and friendship a contract for mutual deception.

I believe that it was not a rib which God borrowed from Adam to Eve, but his tongue, and that it is not our fault if we speak too much.

I believe that matrimony is a very beautiful thing at a distance.

I believe that conjugal tolerance is, in domestic affairs, what religious tolerance is in political ones.

**"She would be a Soldier."**—The following thrilling anecdote of a young South-Carolina girl we copy from a story entitled "Tales of Marion's men."

Sally St. Clair was a beautiful, dark-eyed, creole girl. The whole treasury of her love was freely poured on Serjeant Jasper, who on one occasion, had the good fortune to save her life. The prospects of their separation almost maddened her. To solve her long jetty ringlets from her exquisitely formed head, to dress in male attire, to enrol in the corps to which he belonged, and folly his fortunes in the wars, unknown to him, was a resolution no sooner conceived than taken. In the camp she attracted no particular attention except on the night before the battle, when she was noticed bending over his couch like a good and gentle spirit, as if listening to his dreams. The camp was surprised and a fierce conflict ensued. The lovers were side by side in the thickest of the fight; but endeavoring to turn away a lance aimed at the heart of Jasper, the poor girl received it in her own, and fell bleeding at his feet. After the victory, her name and sex were discovered, and there was not a dry eye in the corps when Sally St. Clair was laid in her grave, in a little green shady nook, that looked as if it had been stolen out of Paradise, not far from the river Santee.

**French Beans.**—Twelve tin packets of preserved French beans, a wooden box, have been brought up from the Royal George, stamped "Conserve Antioche de Catron, Marseilles." Neither vinegar nor pickle had been used; they had been boiled and placed in air tight vessels, and were as fresh and fit for use as when first enclosed. They have been 57 years under water.—*Kentish*.

**The Majority must Govern.**—The old saying that "the majority must govern," was particularly illustrated a short time since in a theatre in Germany. The audience consisted of only seven persons, and taking offence at the miserable acting of one of the performers, they hissed him off the stage. By way of retaliation, the manager brought out the "whole strength of his company," and in turn hissed the whole audience out of the house!

**Steamboat Accidents.**—The Newburyport Herald selects from the returns made to the Secretary of the Treasury, and by him communicated to Congress in December 1838, the following particulars of fatal accidents on board steamboats.

The Ben Sherrod, burnt on the Mississippi River, in 1837, 130 persons lost.

The Caspian burnt near the mouth of Red River, in 1833, 40 persons lost.

The Home, foundered at sea, on the coast of Carolina, in 1837, 100 persons lost.

The Monmouth, sunk by collision, on Mississippi River, 1837, 300 persons lost.

The Moselle destroyed by the explosion of boilers, on the Ohio River, in 1838, 120 persons lost.

The Oronoko, destroyed by collapse of flue, on the Mississippi in 1838, 130 persons lost.

The Pulaski, destroyed by an explosion on the coast of Carolina in 1838, 138 persons lost.

The Washington burnt in 1838 on Lake Erie, 50 persons lost.

We have extracted the particulars of all the accidents where the number of persons lost amounted to 40 or upwards. The whole number up to the returns was 227, and the number of persons killed in consequence of them, 1676, since 1816. To these must now be added the loss of the Lexington and about 150 persons.

**Bones of an unknown Animal.**—"When you was in this place I had the satisfaction of shewing you some specimens of bones, which, I am told, are the largest that have as yet been discovered on the habitable globe. I have had a number of travelers, and some of them scientific gentlemen, who have called on me to see them; and they all agree that they exceed any thing in natural history, or of the present day—the large bone of Kentucky not excepted.

"The bones which I have fortunately procured so far, are—the horns, jaw-bone, and teeth of some mammoth, of which history gives no account. The great Mastodon is said not to have horns; but I have nearly a perfect horn, six and a half feet in length, nine inches in diameter, or twenty-seven inches in circumference; also, part of a tooth, say one-third of it, weighing about sixteen or eighteen pounds, and about one-third of the lower jaw or socket, of the same weight.

"I still have hands employed in excavating the earth, and am in hopes of showing that Texas although young in the annals of history, can produce the largest bones that have yet been discovered.

"These bones were discovered in the prairie, two miles below Bastrop, and within two hundred yards of the Colorado River."

The foregoing are extracts from a letter of General Denys which together with a small fragment of one of the bones, has been handed to us by a friend. We are informed that General Denys has the bones at his residence at Bastrop, where any gentleman who is desirous may see them. We hope they will not be permitted to leave this country,

but that at some future day, they will be deposited in a national museum.—*Austin Gaz.*

**Daguerreotype.**—The New York Dispatch says, that a young artist there, Mr. A. S. Walcott, has introduced some very striking improvements in this new discovery. The Editor says he has made an apparatus by which he can take miniature likenesses from life in a more distinct manner than the execution of any specimens we have ever seen. His portraits are nearly as plainly delineated as though they were drawn upon paper with India ink; that each particular shade of the face and dress is given with astonishing exactness, and if the likeness be examined with a microscope it presents each fibre of the skin.

By the old mode it required ten or fifteen minutes to perfect a picture whereas with a clear atmosphere Mr. W. only requires a sitting of one minute.

**Redness of Eyes.**—Dr. Orpheus of Dublin, declares that intemperance on wine is worse than intemperance on any other article. Blindness, partial or total, is found to a most alarming extent, in wine growing countries. Medical men attribute it to the use of wine. France and Italy furnish illustrations of this remark. This will readily be credited by those, who are accustomed to the redness of eyes among the cider toppers of New England.

**Importance of Correct Punctuation.**—The contract for lighting the town of Liverpool, during the year 1819, was thrown void by the misplacing of a comma in the advertisement, thus: "The lamps at present are about 4050, and have in general two spouts each, composed of not less than twenty threads of cotton." The contractor would have proceeded to furnish each lamp with the said twenty threads; but this being but half the usual quantity, the commissioners discovered that the difference arose from the comma following instead of preceeding the word each. The parties agreed to annul the contract and a new one was ordered.

**To take out Bruises in Furniture.**—Wet the place well with warm water, then take some brown paper five or six times doubled, and well soaked in water, lay it on the place, apply on that a hot flat iron till the moisture is evaporated, and if the bruise is not gone repeat the same; you will find after two or three applications, the dent or bruise is raised level with the surface; or if the bruise is small soak it well with warm water, and apply a red hot poker very near the surface, keeping it continually wetted, and you will soon find the indentation vanished.

**A Cool Hand.**—A young neck-or-nothing Oxonian, having prevailed on his uncle to accompany him in his gig to Oxford, in passing through Kensington the old gentleman observed he had paid his nephew a great compliment, for that was only the fifth time he had ever been in a gig in his life. The nephew replied that the horse beat him hollow, for he had never been in one at all before that day.